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THE LEGEND OF UNDINE.

BY L. A. MATHERS.

Oh! dark is the spell which has bound her to sleep,
A daughter of earth, in a home of the deep:
Yet bright is the cavern, o'er-arch'd by the green
Of the billow, where sleepeth the Lady Undine.

Long years ago a fair maiden was she,
Who grew, like a flower, beside the deep sea:
Till the water-sprite saw her, and snatch'd her to dwell
Below, like a pearl, in its palace of shell.

Oh! cold is the beauty, and chill is the light,
In the passionless eyes of the pale ocean sprite.
And his voice, like the music of sleep, never stirs,
With its echo, the lip which he beadeth to hers.

His thick-falling hair, like the brown ocean-weed,
Hung down, yet the lovely one nothing did heed;
And not one poor kiss could the water-sprite glean
From the ripe ruddy lips of the Lady Undine.

So, in that lone cavern he lulled her to sleep,
And barr'd up its gate with the bolt of the deep:
And swore that a slumber, unwaking, should dim
The eye that had scornfully frown'd upon him.

Bright shapes are around her, and all the day long
Her grotto is rife with the mermaiden's song;
But the water-sprite comes, like a vision, to loan,
All night, o'er the couch of the Lady Undine.

That spell, says the legend, no longer shall be,
When the brave meets the beautiful under the sea:
Yet seek not the trial, it warningly saith,
For, if love is the guerdon, the forfeit is death.

But fond youth is fearless, and many have tried
To win the fair maid of the sea for their bride;
Many sought, many seek her, but no one has seen,
A lover return from the Lady Undine.

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE WIDOW WAS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. GURNETT was sitting quite alone, with her eyes still red, and at times swimming with moisture, though no tears now escaped to roll down her cheeks. She had resumed her knitting—that is to say, she had taken it up—and had drawn more and more grey worsted from the great ball which revolved in her pocket; but the work did not progress. She had drawn the leg out to see how wide it was, and sighed heavily; she had counted the stitches, and made up her mind to increase them in the coming rows; she had stabbed the stocking through and through with her knitting needle, as if it were an old charm to win its future wearer's love;—but still the work did not progress. She had to lay it down too frequently to wait on customers, who spoke about the weather, and to give change to Tom the potboy, who was busily attending upon a part of the crew of the Merry May, sitting in the tap-room enjoying themselves; and again she sighed heavily, for as the tap-room door opened there came the sound of a jovial voice trolling out the words of one of the finest of our old sea songs, and the tears gathered again as she heard—

"And three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she."

Then the door closed, and Mrs. Gurnett sighed again. The next minute she gave quite a sob; for the door was once more opened, and the same voice trolled out, in the peculiar, half-mournful tones of the old song—

"And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Then she held her breath as the chorus came rolling through the house, lustily sung by a dozen voices—

"While the raging seas did roar, and the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were up, up, up aloft;
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lying down below."

Poor Mrs. Gurnet heard not the rattling of pots and glasses upon the table, nor the stamping of feet upon the floor; for she had crossed softly to a corner cupboard of old oak, upon whose top were three goodly china punchbowls, and within various glasses, ladles, spoons, and sugar stirrers. But resting upon the feet of the reversed glasses were two books.

She took out one, the thicker of the two, and it opened naturally at one well-thumbed place; and then, taking out a pair of spectacles, Mrs. Gurnett did not put them on, but held them up reversed to her eyes, and read softly, but in an audible tone—

"And there came down a storm of wind on the lake; and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy;

"And they came to him, and awoke him, saying Master, Master, we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there was a calm.

"And he said unto them, Where is your faith?"

Here Mrs. Gurnett closed the book, and, reverently replacing it, took up the other; and it too fell open at another well-thumbed place, where, if you had been looking over her shoulder, you might have read the words—

"Form of prayer to be used at sea."

From this too, she stood reading for a time, and then replaced it, closing the door softy, just as a hasty step sounded on the passage floor, and a voice said—

"Mrs. Gurnett."

It was only the postman; but Mrs. Gurnett had so few correspondents that a letter was a novelty: and she held it for a few minutes, guessing who might be the sender.

Then she sat down with it still unopened, but lying upon the table before her; as she this time took out her spectacles, carefully wiped them, and put them on, wondering now what business had brought Captain Anderson to her house for Jeremiah Basalt, and whether the latter had told him about May Halley.

"I suppose I am very foolish—at my time of life, too; but I suppose it comes natural to a woman to want to have something—somebody, I mean—to cling to; and I've been all alone for a many, many long years now.

"Heigho!" she sighed again as she looked dreamily before her over the table. "He's a very good man, though; and if I wasn't so old I'd say I loved him very dearly.

"Poor Captain Anderson!" she sighed soon after. "Such a proper man, too, and so brave! It must be the salt in the water that makes them so, for there's no men anywhere like sailors. But even they aint perfect; but, poor fellows, who would grudge them a glass when they get ashore?

"Heigho! I wish people wouldn't write letters to me," she said at last, taking up her missive. "Why, it must be from Miss May."

She turned it over again, and held the neat, ladylike direction up to the light.

Then a customer came in, and she started hoping that it may be old Basalt come back; but no, he was with John Anderson; so she returned to the light, opened the envelope, and exclaimed—

"Why, God bless the child, it is from Miss May!"

Then she read the few lines slowly:

"MY DEAR NURSE.—I'm in great trouble. Come and see your poor little girl to-morrow afternoon when I shall be alone. I have plenty of friends, but no mother, and no one to whom I care to turn more than to the kind old nurse who so often kissed me as a child.—

Yours very affectionately,

"MAY HALLEY."

Mrs. Gurnett was very easily moved to tears that night, and her handkerchief grew rather moist with frequent usage.

"I knew she wouldn't forget me, though it's little indeed I've seen of her of late. And she grown such a bright, handsome young lady. I wish it was to-morrow."

* * * * * *

"I want to have a few words with you, Basalt," said John Anderson, as he entered Mrs. Gurnett's bar; and evidently, to use his own words, "taken aback," the old mate afterwards left his seat, and broke his pipe as he tried to set it up on end in the corner, took his old tarpaulin hat and set it on wrong way, had quite a struggle to get into his pea jacket, and lurched about as if his potations had been too strong for him. But this was not the case, for Jeremiah Basalt was as sober as a judge; and at last he turned, gave a solemn nod to Mrs. Gurnett, and walked out with his captain.

The streets were wet and muddy, and glistened in the light which streamed from window and gas-lamp. It was getting late now, and wayfarers were few, so that the streets they passed through they had pretty well to themselves. It did not seem as if they were going to any particular place, for in utter silence John Anderson led, or rather indicated, the way, as they passed from street to street, sometimes crossing, sometimes almost returning on their track.

It was nothing, though, to Basalt. The captain wanted him, and here he was. He might have wanted his help in keeping a watch ashore—in fact it seemed so, when at last the aimless tramping over the pavement had ended in a short walk up and down beneath a lamp-post in a very quiet street.

They must have paced up and down for quite half an hour in silence; for, knowing what he did, Basalt would hardly have spoken first to save his life. It was very evident that his young captain was in trouble, and he respected it.

"When he wants my advice he'll ask for it," said Basalt to himself. "Poor chap, he's found it out, safe! And now what's it all coming to?"

At last John Anderson stopped short beneath the lamp-post, and said, hoarsely,

"Basalt, I've given up my ship. There, no—stop: I won't be a humbug. Jerry, I've lost my ship."

"Lost be blessed," said Basalt; "why she's safe in dock! But you said you'd give her up. Don't do that, my lad—don't do that. If it's a bit of tiff with Master Halley, wink at it; don't give up a fine craft like the May for the sake of few hard words. Just think of what we've done in her!—off the Cape, you know; and when we ran side by side with that man-o'-war that thought she could overhaul us. Oh, Master John, don't give up the May."

"She's given me up, Jerry," said Captain Anderson, bitterly. "Look here, if you care to read it. Here is Mr. Halley's dismissal."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Basalt, leaning against the lamp-post, and staring at the paper his captain held in his hand, but without attempting to read it.

"I thought I'd see you, and tell you; for I may not see much more of you, old fellow, before I start."

"Now, just look here, my lad. You're nobbut a boy to me, so I say 'my lad,' though you are my captain. I'm as thick as a Deal haze; so if you want to make me understand, just speak out, and then perhaps we can get on."

"Well, Basalt," said John Anderson, smiling, "I've got in disgrace with Mr. Halley, and am no longer in his service."

The old man uttered a low, soft whistle.

"It's a bad job, and I'm sorry to give up so fine a ship; but there she is, and some one else will command her. As for me, I wanted to be off again somewhere at once, and———"

"Why, we've only just got back."

"True," said Anderson; "but all the same I can't stop; so I've lost no time, but made an engagement with another firm, and am off next week."

"Where?"

"China."

"All right! It's all the same to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, what I say—it's all the same to me."

"But you have received no dismissal, Basalt."

"Oh, yes. Took it myself."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why, after sailing together all those years, do you think that I'm going to let you go afloat like a helpless babby, without me to take care of you? No, my lad. I taught you first to make a running bowline, and to coil down a rope, and made you box the compass afore you was fourteen years old; and if you think I'm going to leave you now, why, you're mistaken, that's all."

"But, really, Basalt, I can't think of letting you give up for such reasons."

"I'm ashore now, and won't take no notice of what you say; so I tell you this, that as long as I sail the sea it shall be in your wake, and if you won't have me as mate, I'll go afore the mast along with the lads, who'll ship with you, every man Jack of 'em."

John Anderson, bitter and reckless an hour before, was now too much moved to speak; and after a few final attempts to dismiss his old friend, he wrung his hand tightly, and they then walked on again in silence.

"Good craft?" said Basalt at last, to break the silence.

"I've not seen her," was the reply.

"What size?"

"Thousand tons."

"And you want men?"

"Badly."

"They shall come—every man Jack of 'em. But when's she down to sail?"

"Wednesday next."

"We'll be aboard, never fear," said Basalt, with a chuckle, which he instantly suppressed, lest he should seem gay while his captain was steeped in trouble. "But look here. What's the name of the ship?"

"Victrix—lying in the south basin, East India Dock."

"Good!" said Basalt. "Owners?"

"Rutherby and Co."

"Who?" cried Basalt hoarsely.

"Rutherby and Co."

"My God!"

John Anderson stood and gazed at his companion's chapfallen aspect for a few moments; then, thinking he had divined the reason for Basalt's looks, he said—

"There, you can draw back from your promise. You are thinking of the bad character they have had for coffin ships; but, believe me, Basalt, I honestly think those tales are a cruel libel on a firm of gentlemen. No man would be such a cowardly, cruel scoundrel as to risk the lives of his sailors by sending them to sea in an ill-found ship. Here's proof that I don't believe it."

"'Taint that," said Basalt, hoarsely.

"What is it, then? I've often told you that you are free to stay, glad as I should have been to have you. Stick to the dear old—stick to the May, and keep the men. They won't want to go to sea again till they 've spent all their coin. Good night, Basalt—come and see me off."

"'Taint that," said Basalt, more huskily still.

"What is it, then?" said John Anderson bitterly.

"God help me," groaned the old man to himself. "Shall I tell him, or shan't I tell him? It's cruel to tell him, and it's cruel to let him go wi'out. Here, don't go yet—stop a moment."

"Good night, old fellow," said Anderson, moving off.

"I will tell him—it's like murder not to, and him half broken-hearted. Here, just a moment. You must give up that ship."

"Jerry Basalt," said Anderson, "you must give up going to the Jolly Sailors. There, shake hands; good night."

"I'm drunk, am I? P'r'aps I am; but it's with hard words and dizzy thoughts—not with strong waters. There, I must tell you. John, my boy, I've looked upon you as a son all these years, and this nowe, put to what I know, 'most swamps me. You must now give up this ship and come what may."

"When I've signed and promised to sail?" said Anderson, mockingly.

"Yes, my lad, even if you was aboard with your pilot, and the tow-boat casting off to leave you free."

"And why?" asked Anderson, half startled at the other's solemn earnestness.

"Because, my boy," cried Basalt, gripping him tightly by the arm, "you've been and sold yourself to the Devil!"

CHAPTER V.

HOW MR. LONGDALE GAVE PHILIP MERRIT A HINT.

IT was but ten o'clock the next morning that John Anderson, closely followed by Jeremiah Basalt, walked slowly down Shipping Street, and turning up one of the narrow courts, entered the offices of Rutherby and Co.

They stood first waiting in the outer office whose walls were decorated with colored engravings of various clipper ships in full sail, and with cards bearing the names of vessels about to journey half around the world.

There, too, where Shipping Gazettes, telegrams of inward and outward bound craft, at one and all of which Jeremiah Basalt looked with a sidewise, supercilious scrutiny.

At last the pair were shown in to Mr. Longdale, one of the partners, who received them with a most bland smile, and then discoursed with Anderson upon business matters connected with the ship, upon the wish of Basalt to join as second mate, and the necessity for an early start.

"And you think you can bring ten or a dozen men, do you?" said Mr. Longdale, looking at Basalt "with a smile like a shark"—so the old man expressed it afterwards.

"Can't say yet, sir," replied Basalt. "I ain't seen the ship. I'm going myself—'cause why? my old captain's going. That's quite enough for me; but it won't be enough for the men."

"Pooh—pooh! my dear sir, the men are too dense—too animal to care much about what ship they go in. It's all a matter of sentiment with the poor fellows. Tell them a ship's a bad one—ill-found, and not a man will go in her; tell them the ship's a lucky one, and all that could be wished for, or alter her name, and they go in her like a flock of sheep through a gap. Eh? You made some remark?"

"I said the more fools they," said Basalt, gruffly.

"Just so—exactly," said Mr. Longdale, smiling again. "So, of course, you must treat them accordingly. Get a dozen men if you can; and you can speak from authority when I tell you our ships are famous for their qualities. We never spare for anything in expense. You'll find the Victrix a perfect clipper in every respect, A 1, and a ship that you may be proud of; well-found, gentleman, in everything."

"Glad to hear it," said Basalt, gruffly as ever.

"Exactly. I knew you would be. So now, gentlemen, you will take a run down to the basin, and have a look at her—see how matters are going on, you know, and hurry everything possible, so as to be off. Good morning, Captain Anderson. Good morning, Mr. Basalt."

Anderson had said but little, wearing a dull, stunned aspect, save when he was spoken to, when his face lit up for a few moments, but only to subside again into its heavy, listless expression. But as he passed into the outer office his whole appearance changed—his eyes flashed, his nostrils dilated, and he seemed to grow taller, as he stopped short, one foot advanced and hands clenching; for at that moment a fashionably dressed young man alighted from a cab, and stepped daintily into the office, holding an aromatic cigar between two of the fingers of his light kid-gloved hand.

In his turn, he started and turned pale as he confronted Anderson, his eyelids lowered till they were half closed, and slightly turning his head away, he looked swiftly at the young sailor, while a bitter, mocking smile played round his thin lips, and half hid itself in the fair moustache.

Snuffing mischief, though, Basalt caught John Anderson's arm in his grip, and led him through the glass door out into the fresh air; while—after glancing spitefully after the retreating pair—Philip Merrit's whole aspect changed to one of cruel animosity, and hurrying into Mr. Longdale's room, he exclaimed, in excited tones—

"There's a man named Anderson just gone out from here; do you know who he is?"

"Last captain of your future papa's clipper the Merry May," said Mr. Longdale, laying down the paper.

"Yes, yes, I know that; but what does he do here?"

"He is one of the best captains in the mercantile navy," replied Longdale.

"Well?"

"And his name is sufficient to give confidence to half the consignors in the port of London. We want cargo, my dear boy. Now do you see?"

"But surely," exclaimed Merritt, dashing down his cigar, "you don't mean to say—"

"Now, listen, my dear Merritt, and don't be so excitable. You are young yet with us, and you might have a little confidence in your senior partners. Rutherby gives way to my opinion in such matters, for he has tried me for many years—you may do the same."

"Look here, Longdale," said Merritt, savagely; "I've brought money into this firm, which you wanted badly; and though I'm young, I don't mean to be treated as a nonentity. Just please leave off beating about the bush, and tell me why that scoundrel was here."

Mr. Longdale slightly knit his brows, and then said, calmly—

"My dear boy, no one wants to make you a nonentity, and I can assure you that we shall always make a point of consulting you on all important matters. But this piece of business was done while you were away—at Canonbury, I think."

Philip Merritt's hand went unconsciously to his mouth, where he began to move a loose front tooth backwards and forwards, to see if there was any risk of its coming out. The twinge of pain that accompanied the operation brought strongly back John Anderson's blow, and he said—

"Well, go on; why is that fellow here?"

"Because he wanted a ship, and we wanted a captain and a cargo. He could offer us the captain with a good name for trustworthiness, and we could offer him the ship. The bargain was struck, and the cargo comes as a matter of course. In fact, it began to pour in directly I had the announcements made. We shall get men, too, with ease. A good name, my dear boy, is a most valuable commodity in this wicked world. Look here, have a glass of sherry and a biscuit. I have a glass of very fine dry wine here."

He went to a cupboard, and brought out a decanter and glass; while Merritt, who was white with rage, strode up and down the room till a clerk opened the door, and upon him Merritt turned to vent his spleen.

"If you please, sir—" began the clerk.

"Curse you! Don't you see we are engaged? How dare you intrude like this?"

The clerk glanced at the sherry decanter, and was gone in an instant.

"Now, my dear boy," said Longdale, suavely.

"Don't 'dear boy' me, Longdale," cried Merritt, dashing his hand upon the table.

Then, dragging up a chair, he seated himself in front of his partner, who was calmly pouring out a glass of the amber fluid.

"Look here, I came into your firm when your name stank so that you could get neither cargo nor men. I came in, and brought money."

"Very true, my dear boy—your sherry—but you need not raise your voice so that the clerks can hear."

"I came into the firm with money, and it was a stipulation that though junior, I should have full voice in all matters."

"Quite true, my dear boy; and so you have. You are deferred to in everything—really senior partner."

"What do you call that, then, engaging that fellow?"

"My dear boy, taste your wine; it really is excellent."

"Blast the wine!" roared Merritt, and he swept the glass off the table in his rage. "I tell you I won't have it. I won't put up with it. The scoundrel's papers shall be cancelled if it costs five thousand dollars.

"Now, my dear Merritt, how was it possible that I could know you had any animus against this man? For aught I knew, you had never even seen him."

"Animus?" shrieked Merritt, white with rage and tearing off his gloves—literally tearing them off in shreads, and casting them about the room—"I tell you I hate him—curse him! I hate him, I tell you. If I saw him starving—dying—drowning—burning, and by raising a finger I could save his life, I wouldn't do it. I'd snatch away the morsel that his soul craved; drag from him the consolation of religion; take from him the lifebuoy his fingers tried to hold; force him back into the flames. Curse him! curse him!" he hissed, between his teeth. "If I only had him here!"

He stamped the heel of his patent leather boot down upon the floor as he spoke, and made as if he were grinding his enemy's face beneath it.

"Has he dared, then—?" said Longdale, coolly sipping his sherry, and crumbling a biscuit between his fingers, as he curiously watched the working of his partner's face.

"Never mind what he has dared, and what he has not. The scoundrel struck me—curse him!—and I could not strike him again. I don't care, I'll own it," he cried, stammering in his speech, in his rage and excitement. "I was afraid of him; but I'll be even with him yet."

Longdale did not speak, but rose from his chair, obtained a fresh glass, filled it, pushed it to his partner, and then resented himself, just as Merritt snatched up the glass, poured its contents down his throat, and thrust it forward to be refilled.

"That's better," said Longdale, pouring out a fresh glassful.

"I'll have this stopped at once," said Merritt, suddenly changing from his furious excitement to a hard, bitter, business tone of voice. "Ring for one of the clerks."

As he spoke he reached out his hand for the table gong, but Longdale coolly drew it back.

"Stop a minute, Merritt," he said, quitely—"don't be rash."

"Rash? I tell you, I'll have the whole affair cancelled."

"Listen to me. You are a business man—a shrewd man. Have you thought this over?"

"No; it wants no thinking over."

"Yes, it does—quietly. You are with us now, Merritt, and I can speak plainly as to Rutherby. Though I did not know it, it seems that I have been working in your interest."

"Now, look here," cried Merritt, fiercely, "I'm not to be cajoled. Please pass me that bell."

"But you are to be spoken to, and shown where you are wrong, when you are wrong. Stop a moment," he said, for Merritt was about to interrupt. "You will own it yourself. You hate this Anderson?"

Merritt sat silent and glaring; his face of a leaden pallor, and his forehead contracted.

"Well; he was engaged to go for us to China."

Merritt did not speak; he was containing himself by a tremendous effort of will.

"It is sometimes a very dangerous voyage, Merritt."

Longdale spoke very slowly, and in a cold subdued voice: such an utterance as must have come from the serpent when he spoke to our first mother in Paradise. He leaned forward, too, as he spoke, with his elbows on the table, and his fingers touching his temples, and framing, as it were, his face, which was now in shadow.

Merritt gave a sort of gasp, and sat bolt upright in his chair, staring at his partner.

"You are with me, Merritt?"

The younger man nodded; and a faint smile flickered for a moment round Longdale's lips, as he saw the change from passion to earnest attention come over his partner's face.

"Yes," he said again, more slowly and calmly, "it is sometimes a dangerous voyage to the eastern seas."

Then Philip Merritt sat stiffly upright in his chair, holding on by the arms on either side, the jewelled rings upon his white fingers twinkling and scintillating, showing the nervous tremor that was agitating the man. For fully a minute neither spoke, each trying to read the other's thoughts, but at last Merritt essayed to say something. It was but an essay, though, for only a husky sound came from his throat.

He coughed, though, and cleared his voice; and then said, in a strange tone, that could not be recognised as his own—

"What—what ship does he sail in?"

"The Victrix."

"The Victrix?"

"Yes. The vessel that has been done up."

There was another pause, for what might have been five minutes, during which the ticking of the clock was plainly audible. But though no word was spoken, the two men sat still, reading each other's thoughts, the pallor of Merritt's face being now painful to witness.

At last he seized the decanter, and filled and emptied his glass tree times running, before saying, in husky, subdued tones—

"You changed her name?"

Longdale nodded, without removing his hands.

"What was she before?"

"The Maid of Greece!" said Longdale, almost inaudibly.

Philip Merritt sank back in his chair as if nerve, strength, all had passed from him. His lips parted, and his breath came painfully. Then he rose, and felt about the table for his hat, never removing his eyes from Longdale's till he had half staggered to the door, through which he passed hastily, and out into the street like one walking in his sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW JOHN ANDERSON WENT TO SEE A COFFIN SHIP.

IT was for all the world like a dog going to shake a cat," said old Basalt as he still held by John Anderson's arm, and walked him down the street.

"I don't know which that chap's most like a cat or a shark; but he'd do for either. But look here, my lad—you must give it up. Now promise me you will. You can't go on, you know."

John Anderson turned round, and gazed in the old fellow's face before speaking.

"You must give it up, Jerry," he said quietly. "I have undertaken the job, and I will not turn back."

Jeremiah Basalt let go of his companion's arm; spat savagely at a passing dog, which snarled at him in reply; and then, thrusting his hands into the bottom of his pockets, he drew from one a knife, and from the other a cake of tobacco, off which he hacked a small square of about an inch across, thrust it into his cheek, and then walked forward towards the station by his captain's side, as stubborn as old sea dog as ever stopped a plank.

The railway soon took them within easy reach of the dock, through whose gates they passed in silence; for John Anderson's mood was anything but a conversational one. He glanced to left and right, at the tiers of shipping lading and discharging cargo, as if in search of the vessel he was to command; but his thoughts were far away. He seemed to avoid by instinct the various obstacles in his path, till he was roused to himself by Basalt exclaiming—

"Victrix—there she lies."

Anderson stood and looked across the basin to where the long three-masted vessel lay close to the wharf, glistening with paint, and looking new, and perfectly seaworthy. A white statuesque figure of Fame stood out from beneath her bowsprit, holding to its lips a gilded trumpet; and at the stern, decorated with scroll-work and conventional carving, was the name in gold letters.

Men were very busy aloft unbending sails; and wheels and pulleys were creaking as the stevedores busily hoisted in bale, box, and cask to lower them into the gaping hold.

"Well, what do you think of her?" said Anderson, after a nearer scrutiny.

Basalt stood gazing hard at the ship, and did not answer.

"What do you think of her?" said Anderson again.

"Don't know," was the rough response. "Let's go aboard."

They walked round the end of the basin, and crossed the gangway on the littered decks, where, in a quiet, methodical manner, the two experienced men looked over the vessel, inspecting her from stem to stern went up aloft to see the standing and running rigging, climbed over into the chains, went down below, and ended by going ashore and returning to Mrs. Gurnett's without saying a word.

They found the old lady with her bonnet on, apparently about to go out; but she hurried away, and returned to wait upon them in the little parlor, where Basalt was soon busy with a pipe and glass, Anderson refusing all refreshment.

They sat for quite ten minutes alone, each watching the other. The silence was broken by Anderson, who said—

"Well?"

"Ill, you mean," was the reply.

"I'm afraid so Jerry."

"'Fraid so? Why, the poor old thing seems to me to groan through her paint and patchery. They've stuffed up the wrinkles; but if ever rottenness grinned out of an old vessel, there it is. Why, it's a dressed-up skeleton. You've done wrong, cap'n, you've done wrong. Give it up."

Anderson half turned away his head, and remained silent for a few minutes before he spoke.

"No, Basalt," he said; "I've undertaken to sail her to China and back, and, please God, I'll do it, though it will be a hard task. You shall not go, though."

"Sha'n't I?" said Basalt gruffly.

"No. It would not be fair to you. You shall give it up."

"What's fair for you's fair for me; and if you go, I go. She's a rotten old hulk, patched up and painted to the nines. But though I say it as shouldn't say it, I will say one thing, and that is, that a cap'n and a mate as knows their business can sail that there cap'n and mate's a-sitting now in the parlor of the Jolly Sailors, the one drinking his grog and smoking his pipe like a Christian, and the tother a-looking at him. Give it up, and I sails with you in another ship. Stick to your lines, and I goes with you in the Victrix; but before I'll ask one of my poor lads as I've had afloat with me to go in her, may I be———well, I won't say what in this here house, with a plaster ceiling over my head; but if I was afloat, with plenty of room aloft, I'd say something stiff, and no mistake."

Further conversation was stayed by the entrance of Mrs. Gurnett with a very troubled face.

"If you please, Captain Anderson here's some of the men want to see you."

John Anderson, from being heavy and dejected, was in a moment all animation now; and, turning to Basalt, he said—

"Mind, not a man of them ships with us."

"No, not with my consent," said the old fellow. "I did think of getting the lot, but not now. They may find their own crew, and good luck to 'em, and bad luck to all of us."

"Is it really true, then, Captain Anderson," said the old lady, "that you are going directly in one of Rutherby's ships?"

"Yes, it's true enough," said Basalt, speaking for his superior; "and I'm a-going with him."

"Oh, Captain Anderson, don't go—don't take him! There are such tales afloat about those ships, and only just now one was lost. Pray, pray don't take him away with you."

"Softly, my lass—softly," Basalt, crossing to her side, and leading her to the other end of the room. "Don't you know" he whispered, "what the song says—

> 'There's a sweet little cherub as sits up aloft,
> To keep watch for the life of poor Jack'?"

"Basalt," said Anderson, quietly, "I'll go into the tap-room and speak to the boys. I'll come back here before I go."

He went softly out of the room, leaving Mrs. Gurnett with Basalt, whose arm, for the very first time, now stole round the widow's waist—a movement so far from resented that Mrs. Gurnett's head sank upon his shoulders as she clung to him sobbing.

"Betsy, my dear lass," he whispered, "they say as sailors aint religious, and I suppose they aint; for, as far as I'm consarned, I never goes to church ashore, and I always growls about going afloat when the cap'n has service on the main deck. I don't think as I've read my Bible, either, these forty year; but I do believe this, as God looks after them poor chaps as puts their trust in Him; and I think I do this after a fashion, along with my duty."

"Oh, but you mustn't think of going in that ship."

"But, my lass, I must. Now, belay there a minute, and I'll put it to you. Would it be right—would you like me to let that poor chap, as has got his heart half broke, go afloat by himself; or would you have me stand by him faithful—true blue right through?"

Mrs. Gurnett could not answer—she only sobbed bitterly.

"Avast heaving, there!" cried the old man, softly smoothing her grey sprinkled hair, and holding her more tightly to him. "If you're the woman I take you to be, you'll say 'Go with him, and God bless you!' For it stands to reason that you wouldn't care to consort with a very thundering sneak."

"Oh, I can't say it—I can't say it—indeed I can't!" sobbed Mrs. Gurnett. "I should know no rest, night or day, if you went."

"Oh, I say, now cheer up and be hearty. Away with melancholy, and be spry! Why should you go on like that? Now look here

—wouldn't you like me to be true and hearty to John Anderson?"

"Ah, yes; but—"

"There aint no 'buts' in it, my lass. A sailor's a picked-out sorter man, different altogether to your long-shore lubbers. A sailor's got his dooty to do, while your long-shore lubber aint got no dooty at all. Here we are then. My dooty says, 'Stand by your captain like a man!' and I must stand by him. Why, don't it say in the Book as a sparrer sha'n't fall to the ground; aint I something more than a sparrer?"

"Oh, yes—yes; but—"

"There you are again with your 'buts' Now, be my own true blue woman and say, 'Go, Jerry, and God bless you; and when you come back—' "

"Oh, but I can't say all that," sobbed Mrs Gurnett—"only God bless you!"

"Then think the rest," said Basalt; "and when I come back— there, there's the cap'n coming."

He kissed the sobbing woman reverently; then he gently unclasped her clinging hands from round his neck, and seated her in a chair, just as John Anderson entered the room.

"I've said good-bye to them, Basalt, and promised that they shall sail with me in my next ship, if ever I command another; for I could not let them go in this."

"They volunteered, then?" said Basalt.

"To a man," said Anderson, huskily.

"Oh, and don't let him go neither, Captain Anderson," sobbed Mrs. Gurnett, running forward to catch John Anderson's hand in her's.

"My lass!" said Basalt, reproachfully.

"Oh, I didn't know what I was saying," sobbed the poor woman; "only bring him back to me safe—oh, please, please do, or it will break my heart!"

"Hooray!" cried Basalt, excitedly—"hooray! There's for you, cap'n—that's all for love of this here old battered salt! Bring me back my lass?—why of course he will; for as I said afore, if there's any two men as knows how to sail a ship—a boat—there, a plank, if you like—the name o' them two men's Jerry—I mean Cap'n John Anderson and Jeremiah Basalt. Cap'n, I'm in your wake—helm hard up—haul on your main sheet, and away we go!"

"Yes, Jerry, go, and God bless you; and I'll pray for you night and day," sobbed Mrs. Gurnett.

"Go it is!" cried Basalt, excitedly; "and come back safe and sound it is, my lass; and then—"

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Gurnett; "and then—"

"Then it is," cried Basalt; "and blame me if ever I go afloat again!"

The next minute John Anderson and his mate were in the street, and Mrs. Gurnett was upon her knees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Doctor's Bride.

S. E. W.

I AM AN OLD physician; an old fool, one of my bachelor friends called me on an important and interesting occasion; but every man, the proverb says, is either the one or the other at forty, and I wish the uncomplimentary remark be kept a profound secret between myself and the public. I was just five-and-twenty when I made a solemn determination to live and die a bachelor; moved thereto by pretty Mary Somers having refused me and married my friend and schoolfellow, John Tolmer.

I never saw her afterwards; she died in a few years. John came to me in the lonely sorrow of his bereavement, seeking for comfort and sympathy; in the renewal of our early friendship I shook his hand—I listened to his words of grief for Mary—I wept—and we were brothers as before.

After some time I went abroad, and traveled through many lands, picking up a few out-of-the-way secrets in medicine, which have been useful at times to my patients, and especially to my darling ——. But I must not anticipate.

Years passed on; I grew tired of leading a wandering life, and returned home. I began to practice as a physician, but somehow I did not get on particularly well, at least with the ladies.

I could not, for the life of me, listen with a grave sympathizing face to the history of "a nervous headache," "a nervous finger-ache," "a nervous general affection." Oh, those nerves. How I hated the very name. I suppose one reason why I did not succeed well in my profession was, that I had the means of living in affluence without it. A fortune had been left me by my aunt.

A few days before her death, she had had a most opportune quarrel with her waiting maid, on the score of the pet parrot having bitten the pet cat, and the latter having retaliated by clawing out her antagonist's eye, without Susan being present, as in duty bound, to prevent hostilities.

In revenge of the injury sustained by the feathered biped, the luckless expectant plumeless one was summarily dismissed and disinherited in favor of me, her lawful and "beloved nephew," as the old lady styled me in her will.

May be, some thought of old love for my mother, whom she had disowned for marrying my father, came back, as such thoughts often do, and visit those in death who in life have sternly repelled them.

Be this as it may, I suddenly found myself a rich man, just when I felt that riches, without Mary Somers were valueless.

I pensioned poor Susan, and also the cat and the parrot, who, being annuitants, lived, I need not say to a good old age.

One day I received a letter from John Tolmer (who lived in a remote part of the State,) saying that he felt very uneasy about his only daughter's state of health. "She had had a severe attack of scarlatina in the spring, and, probably from wanting a mother's watchful care," these words were written very tremulously, "had never since properly regained her strength."

He had sent her to town under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Willis, who resided in Waller street; would I call to see her, and give my opinion of her case?

"Of course I will!" said I to myself. "Poor little thing. She's about ten years old, I suppose.

"Better have to deal with a girl of that age, who knows nothing of nerves, than with a fine grown up young lady—I hate young ladies—and then Mary's child."

So without waiting even to finish reading a debate on the Medical Charities' Bill, I set off to go to Mrs. Willis.

She lived in a nice comfortable house, and was a nice comfortable looking lady herself, with a matronly but not motherly expression of countenance, for although a widow she had no children.

"My niece," she said, "I fear, Doctor, is very ill; her strength has failed so much lately. And yet she has been brought up in a very healthy retirement—she has never even been at a ball."

"A ball!" I exclaimed. "Why, madam, how old is the child?"

"Seventeen, Doctor."

"Is it possible that John Tolmer can have a daughter so old? It seems but the other day—"

The door opened, and there entered, walking feebly and slowly, in touching contrast to her extreme youth, the prettiest young creature I had ever seen, since—well, no matter.

When she saw me she started with real agitation—not with nervousness. No, no; Annie, though she was seventeen, knew nothing about nerves.

"This is Dr. Torrens, your papa's friend, my dear, who is so kind as to visit you," said Mrs. Willis, as she arranged the sofa cushions.

I approached her, took her little hot transparent hand, and led her to the sofa, on which she sank exhausted.

Twenty years seemed to have rolled back; the child was very like her mother, so like in the expression of her soft grey eyes that I had to close mine before I could dispel the illusion.

When first I saw the child, I did not think she could recover. Her cheeks were so thin, her eyes so bright, with that suffering anxious expression outlooking from their depths, which is so often seen in young dying persons.

She was very good and patient, submitting with the utmost sweetness to every needful remedy; and after a time I saw her revive, and begin to grow stronger every day.

It often surprised me to see with what pleasure the child used to listen to my long stories of adventures in foreign lands; and while Mrs. Willis' knitting or netting, or crochet, or whatever the work might be, continued to progress quite regularly, Annie's embroidery was sure to fall from her fingers, and lie unheeded on her lap, while I told her of my adventures in the deserts of Africa, or in the wilds of America.

At length she became quite well; her father, no wonder, was longing for her return, and I felt a curious kind of sinking sensation when one Monday morning I knocked at her aunt's door, and thought that the following Wednesday was fixed for their departure for the North.

I was ushered as usual into the drawing room; Annie was not there, but Mrs. Willis soon came in.

"Well ma'am," I said, after the usual salutations, "how is my young friend today?"

"Indeed, Doctor, I have just been scolding her."

"Very wrong, ma'am," I said, testily. "Exceedingly imprudent indeed, she ought not to be agitated."

"Oh, Doctor, it was not exactly scolding, in the common acceptation of the word. I was merely trying to prevent the dear child from giving way to excessive grief at parting."

"How," I said, "I don't understand; are not you to accompany her home?"

"Oh, yes, but you, Doctor. The only reason she would assign for her excessive grief (she has done little else but cry since Saturday) was that 'Doctor Torrens was so very kind she could not bear to think of leaving him.'"

Forty-eight and seventeen! it was a fearful disparity. And yet, old fool that I was, I felt something within my bosom give a sudden bound—something that had not stirred there since that gloomy day when I bade farewell to Mary.

"If I thought, Mrs. Willis," I said; "if I could have thought that the dear child would marry me, I'm sure I'd have asked her long ago."

Mrs. Willis blushed, and was going, I believe, to say something angry, when Annie herself came in.

The soft grey eyes were indeed red with weeping, but ere that interview was over they smiled again. Mrs. Willis discreetly took herself off, and if Annie's aunt did not know exactly what I said and what she answered, I do not think any one else has a claim to do so.

Indeed, all that I can recollect distinctly is, that the blushing, trembling little thing said a good deal about papa, sent me away the happiest man breathing.

"Papa," John Tolmer, my own real old friend, did not say "No." As soon as he found that his darling and mine was really so silly as to love for himself and his old-world stories, him who had loved her mother, he gave his consent; and I think, nay, I am sure, that my Annie does not repent the day that made her the old Doctor's bride.

STAVING OFF A RUN.

IN times of severe panic people have been known to refuse Bank of England notes and prefer local notes. In country districts of Scotland the old one-pound notes were greatly preferred to sovereigns. It is said that when there was a run upon the Bank of England in 1765 the device was resorted to of paying the country people in shillings and sixpences. One acute Manchester firm painted all their premises profusely and many dapper gentlemen were deterred from approaching the counter. A story is told of Brook's bank:

When there was an impetuous and unreasoning rush for gold, Mr. Brook obtained a number of sacks of meal, opened them at the top, put a good thick layer of coin upon the contents, then placed them untied where the glittering coins would be manifest to all observers. One bank procured a number of people as confederates, to whom they paid gold, then slipped round again to a back door and refunded it, and thus the effect of a stage army was produced. At another bank the Chief Cashier himself examined every note with the most searching scrutiny, holding it up to the light, testing the signature, and making believe that, on account of alarm as to forgery, there was need of the most scrupulous care. When he had completed his pretended examination, he handed the note to one of his subordinates very deliberately, with, in slow and measured terms, "You may pay it." Other plans were to pay the money very languidly, counting it twice over, so as to be sure the sum was right, and to give a sovereign short, so that the customer should complain and the counting have to be done over again.

At one of the bank peck measures inverted were placed in the windows facing the street, a pile of gold upon the top, after the manner of the fruit exposed to sale at street corners in the Summer.

At another the coin was heated in shovels over the fire in the parlor behind and handed out as "new" at a temperature of 300° Fahrenheit. The clerk in charge, accommodating his phraseology to the occasion, cried out loudly every half-hour, "Now, Jim do be gettin' on with them sovereigns; folks is waitin' for their money." "Coming, Sir, coming," was the ready reply, and the "folk" thought the power of production boundless.

It is always the simple-minded and the uninformed who constitute on such occasions the chief portion of the throng, just as the people who go to extremes are the half-educated ones. The crowd were easily persuaded—the proof that all was right was burning their fingers.

A WHISPER TO HUSBANDS.—I am tired at the close of the day, 'tis true, but I always try to remember that my wife may be tired as myself." Oh, if all husbands would not only think this, but act upon it, how many weary women would smile, and feel half their burdens drop at once from their shoulders! It is such a little thing to recognise this fact by a word, a look, if no more. Because a man is "tired," he need not be indifferent or cross. But, alas! when he comes home, and finds everything prepared for his comfort, he too often accepts it as his due, as a matter of course, and never thinks of the worrying detail which has occupied so much time in bringing it about.

He never thinks how inexpressibly tired his wife is of it all, though she may be too much of a woman to shrik it; or what despair seizes her soul when, after having eaten and drunk all he is capable of, satisfied snores from the corner of the sofa announce the usual programme until bedtime; or, lacking this, a total silence and absence of mind, which is just as discouraging as to results.

Sunday too—then, at least, when there is, or should be, no "business"—when a husband should do his part toward making that day social and bright, how often does he retire to his room, that he may stupefy himself with incessant smoke, or spend his time reading alone; appearing to his family only to feed, after that going to sleep.

No wonder the wives of such men get discouraged. No wonder they say, as they often do, "What is life worth if my husband only values me as a housekeeper, and worse still, one without a salary—when, after all my unrecognised services, I have the mortification of asking, every time I need money, as if I were a beggar soliciting charity?"

"Tired?" Does he not talk with animation enough if a friend drops in?

Now, gentlemen, if you could hear women talk together, you would know this is no fancy picture; and I maintain this is wholly wrong on your part. If you won't go out with your wives, to seek agreeable company or relaxation, you are certainly bound to be social and agreeable at home—bound by your marriage promises—bound by your wife's performing her duty with regard to your food and other comforts—bound by your little children, who see their mother's sad, weary face, and involuntarily catch her trick of sighing. And you need not say, after reading this, "She's right; it is true; Sam Smith does just so," for I don't mean Sam Smith at all—I mean you, my good sir. And I want you, for one week, just to try the recipe of a little sociability in your own house, to your own wife, over your own meals. Be but half as agreeable at home as you take pains to be abroad, and you will find it as good a little business investment as ever you made. M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

A WOLF TRAP.—Lieut. Schwatka says that one of their Esquimaux guides invented the most infernal traps for the wolves ever devised. He covered two keen blades with blood and set them in the ice. In licking them the wolves would cut their tongues, but the cold would prevent their feeling it. Illured by the taste of blood they would continue slicing their tongues until they bled to death, or died from the mutilation. The other trap consisted of long strips of whale bone rolled together, bound with sinew and hidden in frozen meat, which after passing into the animals stomachs would thaw, release the whalebone and kill the wolves.

THE END OF DONIZETTI.—The late Dr. de Boismont a famous French physician had for some forty years kept one of the best known of Parisian mad-houses. There it was that Donizetti, the composer, closed his life, haggared, worn, crouching in terror, at times running on all fours like a wild beast. Only twice or thrice did a ray of light pass athwart the thick cloud resting on his mind. The last time was when, as he was walking in the garden gesticulating wildly to himself, as was his wont, he heard in the road without an organ-grinder playing a well-known air from "Lucia." Suddenly the composer lifted his head and listened. He recognized the music and hummed a few bars, then burst into tears, crying: "Poor Donizetti — dead — dead — dead!" A few minutes latter the cloud had settled down once more and a month afterwards he died.

SHAVING IN OLD TIMES.—Shaving, in the olden days, was a lenghty operation, and English barbers devised various methods of amusing their customers while awaiting their turn. They generally provided some musical instrument, such as a guitar or zither. In old pictures the shaving basin fitted into the chin; until a recent period barbers were wont to bleed a patient and even extract teeth. In London the familiar barber's pole, with its red spiral coil of color, is a reminiscence of the staff the surgeon gave his customer to grasp while he was being bled. The tape or bandage was round the pole, which, when not in use, was placed outside the door. This staff was by order left outside a surgeon's door as a sign of his profession, and for convenience the painted pole was substituted as a sign, and the right to a use of it was extended to barbers about the year 1700.

"SEVEN OAKS SNOOKS.—In the country of Kent, England, there is a place called 'Seven Oaks,' which name tells its own story; but if we look at the records of London we find that in the time of Henry V. the Lord Mayor of that city was William Sevenoaks. When Williliam was a small babe he was found in the hollow of a tree at the above-named place, and well taken care of. He grew in wisdom as well as in stature and became the highly honored and useful ruler of the capital of his country. Indeed it is said that his police regulations were so strict that a man was afraid to do anything wrong for fear that Sevenoaks would be after him; and the Lord Mayor's name being a long one, it was announced quickly, and sometimes shortened to 'S'enoaks' and 'Snooks.' 'S'evnoaks, will catch you,' were frequently heard, and even in our time children are frightened by Snooks.

LOVE OF MONEY.—The excessive love of money is frequently the subject of rebuke in the parables and legends of the Orientals. It is stated, for instance, of the inhabitants of the pagan city of Troyon, that they 'did not believe in Christ, but in gold and silver.' 'Now,' the legend goes on to say, 'there were seventy conduits in that city which supplied it with spring-water; and the Lord made these conduits run with liquid gold and silver instead of water, so that all the people had as much as they pleased of the metals they worshipped, but they had nothing to drink. After a time the Lord took pity upon them, and there appeared at a little distance from the city a deep lake. To this they used to go for water; only, the lake was guarded by a terrible monster, which daily devoured a maiden, whom the inhabitants were obliged to give to it in return for leave to make use of the lake. The favor of St. George was however propitiated by the people, and he was induced to rid them of the monster. They were then converted to Christianity.

BOTTLING CHAMPAGNE.—In France the moment chosen for bottling is the month of May, when every house in the trade is busy as busy can be filling up the vacancies left in the bins by the numerous demands which have been made by the consumer. Stout wire masks are used for visiting the cellars at this season of the year, for although accidents are excessively rare, bottles have now and then burst with the force of the gas, and fragments of glass have been hurled right and left, more than one man bearing the marks of cuts, clean as if done with a sabre, on his neck and forehead. Each person is armed with a candle and then the vaults are explored. They are cut deep in the chalky soil, and some say they were made by the Romans in days gone by, but no one can tell for certain what purpose they were intended to serve before they were used for storing up the wine. There are the bottles, tier upon tier, sugar-candied, brandied and flavored, sealed and capsuled up, labelled with the name of the firm, and ready to be packed in those wooden cases which are being made in the carpenter's shop with more care and attention than a pauper's coffin. Each of the 50,000,000 or 70,000,000 of bottles piled up have passed through the hands of about 130 persons.

VISIONS.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

Life is but a daily struggle,
  Striving for the right;
Clouds and darkness hovering o'er us,
  Shutting out the light.
    Thought I thus, as I lay musing,
    On my couch—sweet sleep refusing
    Me the hours of her own choosing,
On a summer night.

"Fame is but a fickle wooer,"
  Said my heart of gloom;
"She will win my hopes to lay them,
  In an early tomb—
    Win them careless, how she grieves me,
    Careless how her smiles deceive me,
    Mocking all my sighs she'll leave me
    Weeping o'er my doom.

Leave me grasping blighted visions,
  While my life is young;
With my dead hopes lying 'round me,
  With my songs half sung.
    While her false bells softly chiming,
    With the night winds sweetly rhyming,
    Sweetest strains, so sweetly timing!
Bells have ever rung?"

Close against my pillow pressing
  Burning tears away,
Lay I while the pale stars ushered
  In the new-born day,
    Every struggling beam oppressed me,
    Though it tenderly caressed me,
    Soothed my sighs and gently blessed me,
With its kindly ray.

Then, there came a white-winged vision,
  Like an angel fair,
Borne as from the land Elysian,
  On the perfumed air;
    Hovering lightly, fondly o'er me,
    As if on her wings she bore me,
    From the loved one gone before me,
Some sweet message rare.

"I am Hope," she softly whispered,
  "Come to hide with thee";
Every heart must bear a burden,
  Thine cannot go free:
    Every life must know some sorrow,
    None should ever trouble borrow;
    God alone rules the To-morrow,
He will give to thee."

Rose I from my couch of sadness,
  Free from every pain,
Nature's minstrelsy was pouring,
  Forth a glad refrain.
    And it sang: "Away with sorrow!
    We will no more trouble borrow,
    God alone rules the To-morrow,
He will give to thee."

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER XI.

FEODORA ON SHIPBOARD.

WHEN Feodora recovered her senses, she was lying on a cushion in the boat, the cold sea breeze playing on her face, and the bright lights of Peterhoff already far distant.

She raised her head, and looked around, trying to remember where she was, and what had happened.

At first all was confusion, then gradually she remembered the ball, Count Roboff, Carlotta, Platoff, and Alexis!

What were they doing now?

It was nearly dark, but she could see the men bend to their oars, and hear the sound of the boat rushing through the water.

At length a man, in the bow of the boat, stood up.

Feodora saw him quite plainly.

It was not Alexis, her father, or anyone she had ever seen before.

Who could it be?

She wondered vaguely where they were going and, when she heard the water splash from the oars, hoped it would not fall on her dress.

She was still in a state of dreamy, semi-unconsciousness, and could not collect her senses sufficiently to feel at all alarmed by her strange position.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted the man in the bow.

"Here away!" was the reply, and then the men pulled steadily through the darkness, and, in a moment, bumped against a vessel's side.

The man who stood caught a rope and made the boat fast.

He then scrambled up a rope ladder to the deck.

The others sat waiting in the boat, the men talking together in low tones.

Feodora did not hear what they said: she felt no interest in their conversation; only she wished that tall man would come back.

She liked to watch him.

He did return in a few minutes, but not to the boat.

He came and looked over the side, saying to the men:

"Come on; all is ready."

Some of the others then ran lightly up the side, with the sure-footed step peculiar to sailors.

Two of them approached Feodora, and lifted her gently on her cushion.

She did not like this, and thought she would rather walk, so she stopped them promptly.

"Where do you wish me to go? I will walk."

The rough men stared in amazement at the low-toned remark from the white, still-looking lady, who had lain like a corpse so long.

"Very well, Sudarina," they replied, and lowered the mattress at once.

Feodora allowed them to assist her to her feet and up the ladder, which bobbed about in a very uncertain manner.

She now stood on the deck, and at once released her hold of the rough jacket sleeve she had been clinging to.

"Where am I, men?" she inquired, looking around her.

She received no answer.

The tall man she had noticed before came forward, and, touching her gently on the shoulder, requested her to come below, as they were about to weigh anchor and put out to sea.

"But where are we going?" asked the girl, calmly.

"To Dago, Sudarina."

"Is this my father's ship?"

"No. Is your father a sailor? What is his name?"

"Captain Caziett. His ship is the 'Grand Duke.' Do you know him?"

"No, Sudarina, I do not. This ship is Count Platoff's. All the sailors are his people but myself. We are bound from St. Petersburg to Stockholm, and we touch at the island of Dago to take corn and fish. Count Platoff has a castle and estate there. We leave you and the young man there; but now you must go below—it is cold here and I see you shiver."

"No, I am not cold. To what young man do you refer?"

"The young man Count Platoff sent on board. I do not know who he is. But come below; you are in the way, and a sailor's daughter should know how to obey orders."

Feodora suffered him to take her below to a small cabin, which she rightly conjectured was his own.

It was very comfortably fitted up, and a bright lamp hung from the ceiling by chains.

She sat down on the cushioned locker, and the sailor noticed how pale and cold she looked, and, kind-hearted as most sailors are, felt sorry for her.

"You are cold," he said kindly. "You must drink this, and then turn in."

He poured out a large glass of ruby wine, and held it to her white lips.

She drank it eagerly, for she felt cold and weak.

"There is a warm bunk, wrap yourself up and go to sleep. You will be in Dago day after to-morrow, if the wind keeps fair."

Feodora took the sailor's advice.

She lay down and was soon fast asleep.

She was by no means reconciled to her position.

On the contrary, she was fully determined to escape.

Bitterly did she regret her clandestine visit to Peterhoff.

Oh, if she was only safe back in St. Petersburg, she would never speak to Count Platoff, or the Prince, or any of them again.

She felt as if Carlotta, too, was in the plot to ruin her.

But she was determined she would not submit.

No, she would die first.

When Feodora came to the heroic determination of dying, she felt more contented, and gradually fell asleep,—the light burning in the cabin, and the motion of the vessel mingling with her dreams.

She fancied she was dancing with the Czar at Peterhoff, and that the Prince was jealous.

Then the Prince and Carlotta were dancing, and she was angry, and calling out to them to stop, but they only danced faster and faster, and at last disappeared; and she slumbered, while the ship rode gallantly on, leaving Peterhoff and all Feodora's friends far behind.

CHAPTER XII.

PLATOFF CASTLE, on the island of Dago, was a grim-looking structure in the middle of a thicket of stunted pines.

The estate was a poor one, in fact the whole island is barren and bleak.

The north wind sweeps over its unfertile plains, and a more cold and cheerless place of exile could scarcely be imagined.

The approach to this uninviting abode was by a neglected avenue.

The castle was large enough to be grand, and old enough to be imposing, but neither the one or the other.

The walls were moss-grown and weather-stained, the windows double, and massive bars of iron ran across the lower sash.

The court before the great door was stone-paved, and the door itself studded and barred with rusty iron.

The whole edifice resembled an enchanted hall, the residence of some dragon or gnome of an Eastern tale rather than the residence of a Christian noble.

Feodora arrived at this cheerless mansion early on a cold, wet morning, when a gray fog hung over the castle as if anxious to hide its deformities.

The captain of the ship brought her on shore, and when they landed gave her his arm to assist her up the wet, slimy beach.

Feodora looked about her at the dreary prospect, or as much of it as the cold sea fog left visible, and shuddered.

"It does not look very pleasant this morning," said the sailor, in answer to the shudder, for she had not spoken one word. "Will you wait here until I send to the castle for a droschka, or will you walk there? It is but a step."

"Oh, I will walk. I would not enter one of those places for the crown jewels. The very look of them makes me ill."

The place referred to was a serf village which stood close to the shore.

It certainly was not inviting—the little low houses, crowded together, and black with age, their chinks stuffed up with moss, and plastered with mud, and their windows consisting of a single pane.

The householders were as wretched looking as their habitations.

Some of them came out to stare at the newcomers with dull, lack-lustre eyes.

Their flat faces, high cheek bones, and meaningless expression, rendered them uninteresting objects, and Feodora gave no more than a passing glance at them.

The walk was but a short one, and in a few moments they stood on the broad stone stairs, waiting an answer to the loud demand for admittance which the sailor had sounded on the stout oaken door.

The time seemed long, standing there in the chill, moist wind, which sighed drearily among the stunted, sickly pines, as if sorry that another mortal had come to dwell in this desolate region.

"Why don't they come?" asked Feodora, peevishly. "Dear knows, the place does not look so pleasant that one cares to wait for admittance."

"No; you are right, it does not. Here—I see a bell. I will pull that till they wake up, for I suppose they are all fast asleep on their stoves, wrapped up in their sheepskins, and oblivious to the outer world."

A violent peal of the bell, echoing through the vast, cold corridors, did produce the desired effect, for hasty footsteps were heard advancing, and a dog began barking in a terrying way.

A chain was let down and the door unlocked.

The sailor turned the handle himself and pushed open the mighty door, when out rushed an enormous dog, with hair erect and distended jaws, seeming ready to devour the rash intruder into his ogre's den.

Feodora uttered a faint scream, and got behind the sailor.

The captain promptly administered a kick with his heavy sea-boot that sent the ill-tempered cur yelping back into the hall.

A sullen serf, in a sheep-skin coat, stood before the door.

He recognized the sailor evidently, and the latter passed him unceremoniously saying:

"Nikita, go and see that we get some hot breakfast. This lady is going to stay here, and Count Platoff may arrive at any moment."

A gleam of intelligence came into dull, brutal face of the serf, and his sullen stare changed into a look of stupid terror.

This master was known and also feared.

"Come in, Sudarina. Is there a fire here, Nikita?"

"I don't know," replied the serf.

"Well, open the door, stupid. Stir yourself," said the sailor sharply.

The hall was a great, cold and dark one.

The floor was composed of dark stone, there was no furniture save some long wooden benches.

A huge flight of stone stairs led to the next story of the castle, and several doors all shut into the various apartments on the ground floor.

The one Feodora entered was of vast proportions, and the air felt chilly and damp, like a vault from disuse.

The stone floor was bare, save here and there where a strip of worn tapestry carpet ran along, like a road.

The room was nearly dark, though there were four large windows.

They looked like mere slits in the thick walls, and two of huge oaken shutters, half-closed.

The other shutters were flung open, but the glass was dim with dust, and even the cheerless prospect afforded by the fog was still further obscured by heavy iron bars.

The chairs and tables were of heavy wood and of antique fashion, the room having been fitted up in the time of "Ivan the Terrible," by Count Platoff's grandfather.

The stove was an enormous porcelain affair, reaching half way to the lofty ceiling, the walls and ceiling were heavily wainscoted in oak, which was nearly black with age, and increased the sombre and gloomy aspect of the room.

Near the stove stood a gigantic screen, covered with tapestry, which had once been gay and bright, but now was faded out of all semblance to beauty.

The screen was partly drawn out, and a table stood within its shelter.

The table was covered with dust, and some old papers, pens, etc., lay upon it.

They had evidently been untouched for months, and a bronze inkstand stood near, all the ink dried up by time.

"What a place!" cried Feodora, with a shudder. "It feels like the vault under a chapel, and the look of it will drive me mad. How many years is it since anyone came in here beside the ghosts?"

"It is rather dreary, I must confess, but a big fire in the stove will improve it. You must not stay here, however; come upstairs and I will find Annette, and see about getting some breakfast."

They left the room, and as they came out met Nikita in the hall with an armful of wood to make a fire.

"That is right," said the sailor. "Get a big fire and dust the room; your master will be here directly."

They then proceeded up the broad low stairs a short distance when they came to a little landing.

The sailor threw open the door of a room that was well-lighted and warm, and, greatly to Feodora's delight, occupied.

It was a small apartment, but it had a large stove, in which a fire burned brightly.

The floor was bare, but there was several soft woolly rugs spread on it, and the old-fashioned high-backed chairs were cushioned, and looked comfortable.

A breakfast table was spread, a steaming samovar, hot rusks, and a large dish of mushroom porridge being welcome sights to Feodora and her companion.

The occupants of the room arose, apparently much surprised at the arrival of strangers.

"Good morning, Annette!" said the sailor, who was evidently a welcome guest.

Annette was a woman of about sixty years of age, her hair white as snow, her face brown, and her eyes black and piercing.

She was dressed in a high white cap, short blue jacket and striped petticoat.

Feodora judged she was not a Russian.

Beside her stood a tall, slightly-built woman of about twenty-eight years.

She was beautiful, but her beauty was of a strange, weird nature.

Her hair was jet black, and hung in long, dusky masses around her slender form.

Her eyes were large and very dark, and her face so thin and pointed that she appeared all eyes.

Her features were delicate and regular, but the great eyes shone with a mild, unearthly light, that robbed the face of all its charms.

Her form was slender to emaciation, and her long white hands resembled the claws of a bird, the fingers were so long and so slim.

The other person of the strange group was by far the most attractive of them all.

She was a beautiful child of about twelve summers.

She sat playing with a little white dog on one of the woolly mats, but sprang up on the entrance of the strangers, and came forward to meet the sailor with a joyous cry of welcome.

"Oh, Monsieur le Capitaine! Oh, la bonne heure! Oh, mon ami! How rejoiced I am you have returned."

The sailor stooped and raised the child kindly, replying to her rapturous exclamations.

"Little dear, I have returned, but Zoe, I cannot stay with you long. However, I have brought la jolie jeune demoiselle to be your companion, and you must be very kind and good to her, and she will be very nice and pleasant to you."

The child turned to Feodora, and said in her pretty jargon of French and Russ:

"Welcome, mademoiselle. I already love you, and you must not be lonely when M. le Capitaine leaves us. You must love me, mere, and Annette, and la chien, la petite Fidele. Will you not?"

Feodora smiled on her, for she loved everything that was beautiful, and Zoe was a lovely child.

She was very slight and fragile, and her hair was dark, but her eyes were the brightest blue, and her complexion fair and rosy.

"How is poor Aimee?" asked the sailor of Annette.

"Just as usual, monsieur," replied the old woman, looking sadly at the other, who had not taken the slightest notice of the strangers, her eyes still kept fixed and glassy, staring wistfully before her with a wild, meaningless glare; and although Feodora had never seen an insane person before, she at once guessed that this woman was one of the living dead.

"I have brought this young lady here, and Count Platoff is coming. He told me that you must do whatever she tells you, and make her as happy as you can," here the sailor sank his voice, and spoke French, "Do not permit her to leave the castle."

Feodora had great command over her face, and she did not allow her anger at these words to be visible either to Annette or the Captain, and in a moment she determined to conceal her familiarity with the French tongue, that they might discuss their plans before her without restraint.

They fell into the trap at once.

"Zoe, run upstairs and bring M. le Capitaine's gloves he left there," said the woman.

The child at once left the room, and as soon as the door closed behind her the old woman eagerly: "What is it? Tell me quickly before the child returns."

"Count Platoff has sent this girl here, to be taken care of, and there is a young man, but he is given in charge to Nikita. You have nothing to do with him."

"Why does he send them here?" asked the old woman, with a frown.

"He loves this girl, and I don't know why he sends the man. He has a rival in St. Petersburg, and he wishes to keep him at a distance. I think he intends her to go on the stage, but that wont be for some time."

"No!" burst out Annette, bitterly, "No! Not till he tires of her—as he tired of poor Aimee! Will he drive her mad, too? Is that part of his plan? Curse him! Yes, you need not try to stop me, what do I care? He can only put me in the dark dungeon where I was before.

"Oh! if it was not for poor Aimee, I would set him at defiance, but my poor child. I cannot bear to see her tortured. Oh! God help me, for I am helpless!" The old woman wrung her withered brown hands in wild despair, and threw herself into a chair.

The sailor seemed much affected by her distress. "It is hard, Annette. But, for pity sake, do as he bids you. I hate him, and I loathe myself for doing his bidding, but I am in his power, one word from him would ruin me.

"He is a fearful man, and he has no mercy, but be kind to his poor girl. She is not in fault. She lay like one dead in the boat, for half an hour. Be kind to her, she is as helpless as yourself.

"Come, Annette, compose yourself; the child will return, and she will wonder what is amiss."

"Yes, poor child, she is too innocent yet; she has no idea of what a life her's will be. She, too, is destined for the stage, his own

child! Oh! the monster! I will be tempted to murder him when he comes here."

Feodora sat in speechless horror listening to these disclosures. This was the man whose caresses she had permitted, who had loved her.

Was not his love a disgrace? She hated herself for ever suffering him to speak to her, to touch her. And now she was in his power.

At his mercy! What would become of her? This was to be the end of all her ambitious hopes and dreams.

Far better had she married Alexis. Oh! how fervently she wished herself back in her honorable, if humble, home. She thought of her father, his anguish when he found she had disappeared, and bitter as death was the thought that she had deceived him the last time she would ever behold him; her uncle too, and worse than all, they would think she had gone willingly. Oh! She would go mad. Yes, she would stare and gibber, like Aimee.

She felt her senses going, would she cry out to this man that she knew what he had said? would she appeal to his mercy? No, it was useless, she felt it.

Zoe soon returned, a pair of gloves in her hand; she gave them to the sailor, saying, playfully, "Monsieur le Capitaine, you must be more careful. I shall have to punish you, if you are not."

"Thank you Zoe, will you give me some breakfast? I must go very soon."

"Oui Monsieur. Come Mademoiselle, what is your name?"

"Feodora," replied the girl, with an effort.

"'Feodora,' it is beautiful, like yourself. Feodora Mia, come to breakfast. Come, Annette, make us some tea. Come, petite maman, let me butter your rusks for you, ah, la petite, eat, this is good."

The child gently led Aimee to her seat, and attended to her wants, before she tasted food herself, the poor insane one allowing her to do just as she pleased with her.

Aimee seemed harmless and quiet, but apparently perfectly devoid of reason. Feodora watched her with pitying interest, she felt that this woman must have suffered some fearful agony of mind or body, which had driven reason forever from its throne, leaving but the wreck of what she once had been.

After breakfast the Captain rose to go; he bade Feodora farewell kindly, and the girl read compassion in his clear blue eyes; he would have helped her, if he dared, but he was powerless.

The child clung to his neck, and cried, when he said adieu, and the sailor's weather-beaten cheeks were wet, for he loved the little Zoe dearly.

"Adieu ma petite ami! do not weep, pretty one; I will bring you some pretty white doves from Stockholm if you are good, and you will not be lonely, now that Feodora is with you."

Zoe dried her tears and tried to smile, and the sailor went out, and shut the door, and Feodora felt that she was alone in her prison, and powerless to escape.

CHAPTER XIII.

"COME WITH me," said Zoe, taking Feodora's hand in hers, "come, let us go down to the red room, Nikita has made a fire, and we will dance, and try to forget that we are lonely.

"Can you dance? I can. Mon pere says I must dance every day, and that, if I am good, some day I shall dance before the Czar, in a grand Palace. Where you ever in St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, I was born there, and have always lived there. Have you never seen St. Petersburg?"

"No," said the child, with a sigh. "You see I was born here, and I have never even seen all of this island. Indeed I have never been all over the Castle. Nikita says it would do me no good to see all the Castle, but I must say I would like to. Not to go alone, though; I am so frightened of Basil, it is very strange that everyone is afraid of Basil."

"Who is Basil?" inquired Feodora.

"Oh! I forgot, of course you don't know him. He is a man, he lives here, and he is dreadful looking. He is, oh! so short, not taller than I am; but so thick, and so strong! none of the men are half so strong.

"His hair is red, and it is so bushy, and and his eyes are awful, like an angry wolf. I tremble if I see him, and poor maman grows pale and cries, and you know she never notices anything else, so it is very odd for her to be afraid of Basil."

Feodora felt little interest in this personage, who was evidently an ill-tempered dwarf, and was magnified by the child's terrors into something extraordinary.

They had now reached the red room, as Zoe termed it, though why she did so, Feodora could not imagine, for there was nothing red about it.

A large fire burnt brightly in the huge earthenware stove, and within the screen the air felt warm comfortable, but all the rest of the vast apartment was as chilly and damp as ever.

"Why do you call this the red room, Zoe?"

"I do not know, Mademoiselle. I never thought about it, but there is nothing red here."

Zoe looked round her with a puzzled air. "They call it the red room, I don't know why. Come, let us sit near the stove and get warm. Tell me, Mademoiselle, do you know my father?"

Feodora colored deeply under the child's innocent gaze, and replied, confusedly, "Yes, Zoe, I do know him."

"Then, Mademoiselle," said Zoe, coming close to Feodora, and looking around rather apprehensively, "Tell me what you think of him. You know I have not seen him very often, but one day I heard Annette tell M. le Capitaine, that he was—oh! it was wicked of Annette—she said he was 'le Diable.' She did not think I was paying attention, but I heard her."

Zoe's face was full of horror at Annette's wickedness, but Feodora felt that the term was not too strong, when applied to Count Platoff.

"Why should I know anything about your father, Zoe?" she said, evasively.

Zoe raised her large blue eyes to Feodora's face, with an earnest questioning look; the child's nature was so true and artless, that she was not prone to suspect deceit in others, yet there was something unreal in the tone of Feodora's voice, that young as she was, she distrusted.

"You said you knew him," said Zoe, quietly.

"Yes, but I did not say I knew anything about him. You must not listen to anyone who speaks ill of your father, Zoe; it is not right." When Feodora spoke thus, she did not think how she had treated her own father.

The child was silent, and somehow she did not feel so kindly disposed towards this stranger who had treated her confidence so cavilierly.

Zoe was a thoughtful child, and had been so strangely brought up, that her mind was formed and matured in a remarkable degree.

Her nature was noble and honorable; indeed it seemed strange where she had learned such high principles.

Annette did not seem to be anything beyond an average Norman peasant, and Aimee was perfectly destitute of reason. Zoe was not ignorant either; she read both Russ and French fluently; and could also write the two languages in a clear legible hand.

Feodora was astonished when she found out how advanced the child was in the ordinary branches of learning, and she changed the conversation, by inquiring, "who was her teacher?"

"Pere Hieronimo," replied Zoe.

"And who is Pere Hieronimo?"

"He is an old, oh! very old man, and he lives here. He is so kind and good, let us go and see him."

"Does he live in the castle?"

"Yes, come! I will take you to him."

The child rose and led the way, and Feodora followed her. They passed through the hall, and up the stairs, past the room where they had breakfasted, along another west dusty corridor, and up another stone staircase, on and on, till Feodora would have lost herself, but the child held her hand, and walked on as if every step was perfectly familiar.

The castle was a building of immense size, and cold and cheerless it felt. As they ascended higher, the windows became smaller, and looked like mere slits in the massive stone walls; the ceilings and walls were no longer panelled with oak; they were merely rough-hewn stone.

The doors of the numberless rooms were strong, and many of them barred with rusty iron.

"What a dreadful looking place this is, Zoe," exclaimed Feodora.

"Do you think so? I don't mind it, I have always lived here. This is where Pere Hieronimo lives."

The child stopped, breathless with her long walk, and tapped at the door.

"Entree la petite," said a low, sweet voice.

Zoe pushed the door open and led her companion into the room; it was a very large one, and an old white-haired man knelt before a stove, blowing a fire with a large pair of bellows.

"Well, my child, you are late to-day. What is the cause of this, ma chere enfant? Why it is noon."

All this time the old man remained on his knees, blowing away vigorously at the fire.

"I am not alone, mon pere," said Zoe, "Look up, and see the belle demoiselle who has come to live with us."

Father Hieronimo now rose, and bowed low to Feodora.

"You are welcome, my daughter. I am glad my little Zoe will have a companion. She is a good, dear child, very diligent. She will soon be a most excellent scholar."

"Ah, mon pere, what will become of the world if you take to flattery?" said the child, pointing at him playfully.

The old man smiled fondly on her, and Feodora thought they would have made a pretty picture as they stood there.

The old man with his silvery hair, long white beard, and venerable form, and the grave, earnest looking child, with her noble face, calm blue eyes, long silken curls, and fresh rosy skin.

Pere Hieronimo wore a small, black, velvet cap, from under which his long, white hair hung down on his shoulders; he wore the plain black habit of a Benedictine Monk, which surprised Feodora, who was accustomed to see priests robed in the purple silk robe of the Greek church.

About Pere Hieronimo's neck hung the massive gold chain, and large crucifix of the same precious metal, worn by all the Greek clergy.

Feodora was thankful to meet the priest, as she felt his presence a sort of protection in this lawless place; she would not have gone so, had she considered how powerless the good old man was himself.

"My father, will you teach Zoe, as usual, I do not wish to interrupt her studies?"

"No, not to-day, little daughter will not lose by having a holiday occasionally, now that she has a young companion. Are you a Russian, my daughter?"

"Yes, father. I am a native of St. Petersburg. Father, I wish your advice; can I see you alone?"

Zoe rose from the low seat she occupied, coloring deeply. "I will go away," she said, hastily.

"No," said Pere Hieronimo; "no, my child. This lady and I will go into another room. Come! my daughter, if you want advice."

He left the room, and Feodora followed him.

He crossed the wide hall, and descended a flight of steps.

At the foot of this staircase, a stout door, crossed by an iron bar, stopped their further progress.

Pere Hieronimo opened it, and greatly to Feodora's surprise, she found the fresh sea fog blowing on her face.

The priest passed out, and the girl followed him.

She found herself walking on a platform of about six feet in width; she looked over the side, and trembled, for the height was so great, should she fall, she must perish.

"Do not look over, my daughter, you may grow dizzy." The mild voice of the priest recalled Feodora's thoughts.

"Where are we, my Father?"

"On a parapet of the castle; it is a short way to the oratory."

They now reached a door in the wall of a wing of the castle, which was fitted up as a private chapel.

They entered it, and Feodora found herself in the belfry.

Pere Hieronimo led her down a flight of stairs, and she stood in the chapel.

It was a small but handsome one; the windows heavily mullioned and stained, the oriel over the altar being a master-piece of Italian art.

The candelabra, aspersorium and font were gold, and heavily chased; all the cornices were gilded, and large wax tapers burnt before the saints on every side.

"Now, my daughter, let me hear your trouble.

"Whatever it is, this is the place to unburden your heart of it, and bow the knee to the only One who can aid you."

Feodora bowed her head, and crossed herself reverentially.

Pere Hieronimo waited for her to speak, and she told him how she had gone to the fete, and deceived her father, how Count Platoff had taken advantage of her insensibility, caused by her terror at Alexis' sudden appearance to remove her from Peterhoff, and place her on board the ship.

She told the priest of her dislike for Count Platoff, and dread of him, and begged the good man to assist her to escape from the castle and return to St. Petersburg.

Feodora said nothing of Wittgenstein or his love for her; nothing of her betrothal to the wood-carver, or indeed anything she could conceal.

"My child, you have done wrong; you have been disobedient to your earthly father, and your Heavenly Father is punishing you for the sin. I know not what to advise.

"You are aware that Count Platoff is a married man? that Aimee, the poor insane lady, kept a prisoner in this castle, is his wife and Zoe, is his child?"

"No, I was not," said Feodora, aghast at the wickedness of this monster, who had so completely deceived her as to his true character.

"It is so. Aimee is Countess Platoff. She is a French woman of rather humble birth. Annette is her mother.

"They have been here for a number of years; they brought Zoe an infant to Dago. Aimee had a brother, and he died by Count Platoff's hand.

"His name was Gustave Legardie, and he came to Russia in search of his mother and sister.

"He met Platoff in St. Petersburg, and this man, who is a fiend in craft, as he is in wickedness, so completely deceived the young Frenchman, that he never suspected this was the very man who had carried away his sister.

"He cunningly pretended to assist the young man in his search, while all the time Aimee was shut up in this gloomy castle till she lost her reason.

"I was not here then, but Annette can tell you dreadful stories of how they were treated, till Platoff rendered them submissive. Now the old woman dreads him so that she dares not rebel, and his wife is a hopeless idiot.

"Legardie never returned to France; Platoff picked a quarrel with him, and the boy died by his wicked hand.

"Oh! child, pray that God may deliver you from him; I am powerless to aid you. Under this castle there are dungeons, and in those gloomy, dark and noisome places, human beings are fretting out their lives. Beaten, tortured, and for aught I know, murdered, and I am powerless to help them!

You may ask me, why I stay here? I love the little Zoe, as I would love my own child, and if I left her, what would become of the poor child? Besides, I have tried to escape, time and again, before I learnt to know my prison, and I could not.

"If you could pass through those barred doors, or windows, you find yourself in a court-yard, surrounded by high walls; climb over them, you are still on the island, and Count Platoff's emissaries will trace your footsteps, and bring you back.

"You cannot escape; well might the door of this castle have engraved over it, as the door of Hades is supposed to have, 'All who enter here, abandon hope.'"

Feodora was speechless at the account Pere Hieronimo had given her of Castle Platoff.

It was even worse than she had feared. When on the ship, she often used to terrify herself by fancying all sorts of horrible things about this castle, but never in the wildest flight of the imagination, had she pictured anything half so dreadful as the reality.

"Come, let us go back to the child," said Feodora, in a subdued tone.

Zoe sat on her low seat before the fire, gazing thoughtfully into the blaze.

Feodora looked at the young innocent creature, and thought of her fated life with a shudder.

Why was this lovely child doomed in this way from her very infancy? Surely it was a hard thing.

Even if Feodora was punished for her sin this pure noble being deserved a better fate.

Zoe and Feodora left the priest and returned to the red room, and about three o'clock, a dark-browed, sullen-looking serf woman came, and called them to dinner.

It was served in the same room that they had breakfast in, and was eaten almost in silence.

Feodora fancied that Annette watched her with sharp-eyed displeasure, but she was too much subdued, and too desponding to notice this much.

What did it matter, in this prison, whether her fellow-prisoners liked or disliked her?

When night came, the gloom seemed to thicken, and become denser in this fearful place.

At length, Zoe proposed that they should retire for the night.

"You may sleep with me, if you wish," said the child, and Feodora was thankful for the permission.

"Come, let us go," said Zoe. She kissed Aimee and Annette, and taking Feodora by the hand, she left the room.

"Good night, madame," Feodora paused at the door to say to Annette.

"Bon soir, mademoiselle," replied Annette, coolly.

When Zoe closed the door, Feodora drew nearer to the child, for the vast chill corridor awed her.

The feeble light of the taper the child carried in her hand, only rendered darkness visible.

They proceed along the cold still hall, with darkness like the grave, before them, and behind them, the faint flickering flame of the candle casting a patch of yellow light on the stone floor.

They passed several closed doors, and Feodora was just going to ask her companion how much further they had to go, when a scream ran through the dark, awful stillness, that curdled the blood in her veins.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Sauveur! What is that, pour *l'amour de Dieu*" cried the child, trembling and still clinging to Feodora.

They stood for a moment in an agony of fear, their hearts beating violently, but the fearful sound was not repeated.

"Come on! let us get to our chamber," said Zoe, who was the first to recover her composure.

They hastened on, and soon reached the room.

It was warm; a fire burnt in the stove, and a silver lamp hung before a large painting of the Virgin child.

Zoe shut the door, and shot a large iron bolt, then put up a bar.

"Why do you fasten your door so securely?" asked Feodora.

"To keep out the spirits," said Zoe, simply.

"The spirits?" repeated Feodora, incredulously.

"Yes, when I waken through the night, I hear them walking about, and dragging their chains.

"I am not at all frightened of them, but I like to keep them out."

"But, my child, there are no spirits," said Feodora, earnestly; wondering how the child could speak of her nervous terrors so calmly.

"You think not? Wait till you hear them walk about and talk. Oh, I often wish I could make out what they say; but Pere Hieronimo says that is wicked, that we should not have any communication with them, that they must be wicked people, or they would not be tormented so."

"But surely Pere Hieronimo does not believe in the existence of ghosts?"

"Wait till you hear them," said the child, shaking her head.

Feodora lay down, but it was long before she slept, and even when she did, she started and woke up in a few minutes, and often through that long night she listened and fancied she heard the spirits Zoe spoke of moving about, talking, and dragging their chains.

So passed the first day in Platoff Castle, and Feodora did not wonder that madness had seized on anyone doomed to live there.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Platoff carried out his nicely-arranged plan for getting Feodora into his possession, there was a secret witness to the act, who lurked unseen among the shrubs.

This witness was none other than Ivan, Prince Wittgenstein's faleiter, a boy as sharp as a needle and as agile as a monkey.

Ivan was a genius in his way.

He had taken a fancy to "Arry Hedwards," and the Englishman was also struck by the "pluck" of the little Russian.

They were fast friends, and Ivan had already picked up some English, which he spoke with a studied scorn of the use of the letter H, carefully copied from his tutor.

"That er boy his hafter my hown 'art," said Edwards, in tones of the warmest admiration. "What han hamazin fine jockee ee would make, pluck hamuff to ride the gamest ors has never was clapped ha leg hover, han sharpness hamuff to save is ors to the wery last. My 'art vill break to leave that er lad hin Russia, vere hi can see he hain't happreciated."

Ivan did not see his master for three

hours after the young Russian girl had been conveyed on board the boat, and the faleiter had no chance of telling him the news till the Prince was in his room packing up to leave Peterhoff.

Then the boy tapped at his master's door, and entered quickly.

Wittgenstein looked up, wondering what brought the boy there, and asked him his message in an unusually sharp tone for him.

"Your highness, I came to ask you if you knew that Count Platoff had carried the young girl who came to the fete in your boat off on board a ship to Dago?"

"No, Ivan; is this so?"

"Yes, I have been looking for your highness for the last three hours to tell you, and I could not find you."

"How did you ascertain this, Ivan?"

"I saw that lady walking with Count Roboff and I followed them and hid in the bushes to hear what they had to say, and the Count offered to marry the lady, but she refused him. Then Count Platoff came up and sent Roboff away and made the lady stop, and the Count and she began to quarrel, and he told her she cast him off and began to swear at her, and she got so frightened and took a fit or something, and then a lot of men came, and the Count carried her through the park and down to the beach put her in a boat, and told the men to take her to Dago. I followed and I listened, and there's where she is and take me with you to find her."

Wittgenstein knew Ivan's shrewdness, so he did not wonder that they had all failed, and this boy had succeeded in ferreting out Platoff's scheme, Roboff and his friend had left him to find the schemer, and try to prevent him ascertaining when the Prince left the palace as this would be sure to arouse his suspicions.

Wittgenstein told Roboff to challenge the Count to a game of piquet in his room, and provide a champagne supper.

This would keep the Count busy the greater part of the night, and Prince Wittgenstein told Sergie and his friend to lose money freely in order that their society might prove more attractive.

"Go, Ivan, to Count Roboff's room, give him my compliments and thank him for his invitation to piquet and supper, but tell him I have just received news from Iwer, which requires my close attention. [I hope I may be forgiven the lie; I did get a letter from my mother to-day.] I don't need to warn you not to mention one word of what we are about to do?"

"No, your highness," said Ivan, in rather a piqued tone, for nothing nettled Ivan like casting a doubt on his sharpness.

The boy was not gone more than ten minutes, when he returned with a sparkling eye.

"Count Roboff's love, and says he is very sorry, and hopes you may change your mind. Count Platoff says he hopes your mamma has not been a foolish girl and run off with her dancing-master."

Wittgenstein's face flushed at the man's insolence, and he half rose from his chair; but second thoughts are best, and he again sat down, saying, calmly:

"This will keep. The score is mounting up, and it will soon be full. Ivan, what are they doing?"

"Playing cards, and Platoff's got a pile of roubles before him, and he is grinning like the picture of the Devil in the Grand Duke's gallery."

Ivan was next sent to the village to inform Carlotta of what had taken place, and, as we have already seen, the carriage with its four horses left Peterhoff before daylight.

Platoff did not leave Roboff's room till the early gleams of dawn were stealing over Peterhoff and, as he walked along the passage, with his evil, sneering smile, he did look almost satanic.

"So, Roboff, my boy, you were not content with losing your lady-love, but you must lose your money, too, you precious young fool. I owe you one still for your dear little jest about my age."

Thus soliloquizing, he passed into his own room, and threw himself on a couch for an hour's sleep before he would descend to go on guard.

Little did the crafty one imagine how completely he had been outwitted—how he had been fought with his own weapons and ingloriously defeated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN CYPRUS.—The Cypriote makes night hideous with his howlings, laboring under the impression that he is musical. The noise or music to which he jumps is chiefly produced by scraping one—the treble—string of a little fiddle with great rapidity, and has, to all appearances, been learned from the mosquito, which it mimics with considerable accuracy. The fiddle is usually accompanied by the *bourdon* of a zither, which copies well the wearing screech of the cicala. When the native Greek breaks into song he produces a brief nasal drone whose melancholy sound is often repeated. The boys never whistle; but the children, chiefly the girls, from time to time, with a voice from the head and nose, produce a short tune, which never exceeds two or three bars. With all this they have wondrous lungs. The men will send their clear voices ringing through the pure, dry air, across a country-side; in the streets and on the roads they converse, preferably it would almost seem, from a distance in loud tones. When on fine evenings—and all evenings are fine in Cyprus for months together—whole families sit in the lanes outside their doors, they do not take the trouble to move in order to visit their neighbors, but shout to them with shrill distinctness as they sit. Notwithstanding that, they seem to make themselves intelligible.

Down by the Sea.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

MADGE LAMBERT gave a vexed little toss of her head—a gesture intended to be awfully annihilating to Mr. Rupert Chessington, standing on the lower step of the piazza at the Sea Spray House.

"Very well! Go, of course, Mr. Chessington, if you prefer; but really I think it is too bad of you!"

"Of course it is," added pretty little Miss Balleray, with the golden locks and baby-blue eyes, that were considered almost irresistible by the generality of the sterner sex.

"Of course it is too bad, when you know that to a dozen ladies stopping at the Sea Spray there are only such a very few gentlemen.

"I know what the trouble is though, don't I, Mr. Chessington? You tired of all of us—the same ones over and over—and you are reserving your forces until the much talked of, anxiously expected heiress and beauty arrives."

Chessington turned lazily around and laughed.

"I am afraid I shall have to incur an awful risk in contradicting a lady," he said good-naturedly.

Haughty Madge Lambert flashed him a half-indignant, half sarcastic glance from her black eyes.

"And then, when she has arrived, I dare say Mr. Chessington will suddenly lose all his wonderful interest in his solitary boat-rides and fishing-excursions, while we forlorn maidens get through the day as well as we can for lonesomeness. Mr. Chessington, you're selfish!"

"Well, yes—rather, if always wanting the best of everything concerned is what you call selfish," he said pleasantly. "But I'll redeem my character, Miss Lambert, by proving to you that which will doubtless set your heart to rest.

"I don't believe in your wonderful coming beauty and heiress, to begin with.

"And in the second place"—and then his handsome blue eyes flashed a second—"I would commit harikari before I'd marry an heiress. There, am I vindicated?"

He bowed and walked off, just a little to the discomfiture of the fair belle on the piazza.

"What a lot of idiots a fellow comes across in the course of his life! Because a lot of pretty, chattering girls lose their heads when a wealthy beau comes along, they argue with a woman's senseless persistency, that the men are as mercenary and money-seeking as themselves.

"Marry an heiress! Not if she were beautiful as Venus, and every word she dropped was transmitted into a Kohinoor."

And then Mr. Chessington pushed off in his surf boat, dashing and plunging through the breakers like a sailor-fisher born and bred.

To row a mile or so, out straight to another fishing-boat, containing a couple of bare-footed little boys of seven and ten, with tremendously wide-rimmed hats, and bright sun-burnt faces, and big brown eyes.

And a tall gawky lad of sixteen or seventeen, worried and anxious-looking, who was evidently not a little dismayed at the momentarily-increasing swell of the sea, and the freshening south wind.

And a young girl with wonderful lovely grey eyes—grave, thoughtful, yet bright and flashing, as she looked at Chessington while he rowed nearer and nearer, in response to a halloo from one of the youngsters.

"You seem to be in a difficulty," he said, as he laid down his oar, and touched his hat courteously.

She bowed.

"Joe seems to be somewhat demoralized, I think. There are no danger, is there?"

Chessington glanced at Joe's scared face and the restless antics of the boys in the little boat.

"If you had a man in charge who understood his business, there would be no shadow of danger.

"As it is, this young fellow has no excuse for venturing out so far."

"We were fishing," she said, in a pleasant apologetic way.

"I think Joe hardly realized how far we had gone.

"Well," with a swift troubled look, that was more anxiety than fear, "we will do the best we can. Perhaps you would tell Joe what to do with the boat."

Chessington took in the situation at a glance.

Joe was too thoroughly scared to be capable of any orders, and left to the mercy of the freshening wind, the plunging waves, the little boat might, or might not reach shore safely.

"If you will allow me to exchange places with your pilot, I will row you ashore. I am Rupert Chessington, of Chessington and Van Lawn, brokers, Wall Street, at present stopping at the Sea Spray House."

He touched his hat again, and bowed slightly and smiled—a frank, pleasant smile that was received just as frankly and pleasantly.

"You are very kind Mr. Chessington, and I will thankfully accept your offer. My name is Jessie Lane."

And she laughed as if the oddness of the mutual introduction amused her, and Mr. Rupert Chessington made up his mind then and there that she was the very nicest girl he had met in many a day.

"Well, then, Joe, you spring in here and row yourself to shore. You won't have any trouble to take yourself only, will you?"

The alacrity with which the overgrown lad changed from the "Nellie" to the "Clytie" was sufficient answer, and neither Chessington nor Miss Lane could avoid a smile at his expense, as Chessington seated in the "Nellie" Joe rowed off for dear life in the other boat.

"I daresay he thought it was all right," Jessie said, apologetically.

"He had no business to think so though. Shall I take you straight back, Miss Lane? or would you rather fish awhile longer?"

"If you please, I will go back. Aunt Mattie will be worried about me, and if I should keep dinner waiting——"

She leaned contentedly against the side of the boat, trailing her hand in the flashing water, while the two children sat quiet as church mice, watching Chessington with awe and admiration, as he pulled long steady strokes that sent them spinning along, while Chessington thought.

"She is the most sensible girl I ever came across. Pretty, modest, dignified, pleasant, with no sham reserve about her, any more than too much freedom. And what a thorough lady she is! I know it as well as if I had met her a thousand times."

And Jessie, sitting so contentedly opposite him, her grey eyes dropped to the shining waves, thought—if ever there was a true gentleman, in manner, speech and action, it was this handsome stranger who was rowing her to shore.

"If you will tell me opposite which hotel I am to row you," he said, as after a most delightful hour's conversation, he rested on his oars, and awaited her command.

She laughed.

"Oh, not at any hotel. I am stopping at one of the fishermen's cottages, about three miles further down."

Secretly, Chessington was delighted at the prospect of continuing in her society.

"Yes; I know where you mean I think. The place we call Glen Inlet?"

"Yes. And you can't imagine how lovely it is there—old-fashioned, rather crowded quarters, to be sure, but with not the faintest vestige of anything like style or amusement."

"And you are actually boarding there, Miss Lane? Why didn't you come to one of the hotels? The Sea Spray, for instance, is a good house, and a pleasant company is there."

Jessie laughed.

"Not I! I came to the seaside to enjoy myself, and get away from fashion and dress, and such things."

"And you succeeded in enjoying yourself?"

"Admirably—since five weeks ago. You are the first devotee of the world that I have seen since I came to Glen Inlet."

Her grey eyes sparkled mischievously.

"Is that really so?" he asked, looking at her. "I hope, though, you will not condemn yourself to such isolation any longer—at least from me.

"May I not join your solitary amusement, Miss Lane? I promise to be your most obedient."

A delicious faint flush crept softly over her rare pale face, as she laughed.

"I am not sure Ted and Rick will allow it. They are my inseparables."

And she looked at the two little bare-foots.

Chessington gravely produced a handful of pennies, which he gave them.

"Now, young gentlemen, may I escort you and Miss Lane on a charming excursion I know of to-morrow?"

"I must make it conditional, then," Jessie said gaily.

"Please promise me you won't tell any one there is anybody down at the Inlet, will you?

"Occasionally fishing parties come to arrange with uncle Ben, I call the Bettzes uncle Ben and Mattie, horrible, isn't it?—but I always contrive that no one sees me, for I am determined not to be drawn into fashionable society this summer, if I can possibly help it. I don't want to see company."

"But you don't regard me as company?"

He looked with admiring respectful eyes straight in her own, and that exquisite little flush warmed her face again.

"No, I don't regard you as company."

After that it was all up with Rupert Chessington, and he went back to the Sea Spray, acknowledging that he was in love at last, and with an unknown obscure girl, who, doubtless for other reasons than her dislike of society, doubtless for pecuniary reasons, was summering at Glen Inlet.

He liked her all the better for it, too.

He honored her for her sensibleness, and he was over head and ears in love with the dainty grey-eyed, golden-haired girl.

The next three weeks were the most blessed ones he ever had spent in his life.

He continued his solitary excursions—solitary until he came to Glen Inlet, where Jessie was always ready to accompany him, or entertain him, and bewitch him, until one day he told her he loved her dearly, dearly, and that it was the one wish of his life to have her for his wife.

And Jessie, with her lovely grey eyes, shadowed with the tenderness of love and trust unspeakable, looked in his handsome eager face, and told him she had loved him from the moment he had rowed up beside that summer day.

And as he took her in his arms, and imprinted a lover's ardent kiss on her warm, scarlet mouth, and wrapped his arm about her supple waist, his heart gave great throbs of blissful thanksgiving for this blessing on him.

* * * * * *

The rude piazza of the Sea Spray House was a bewildering bright scene, with the half-dozen or so gaily-dressed girls standing in earnest conversation, chattering like magpies, as Mr. Chessington came leisurely to the house.

Madge Lambert tossed her pretty dark head saucily.

"There! Didn't I say Mr. Chessington, would not fail to be on hand to greet the heiress? You men can't withstand such a golden temptation. Mr. Chessington, she has arrived."

"She!"

"Who?"

Madge langed sarcastically.

"There isn't the least use of your pretending you don't know who I mean.

"Your indifference is charming, but not the genuine article. You know I mean the heiress we've been expecting so long."

Chessington smiled—a sort of pity coming over him as he remembered how much happier she was than the man who should be fortunate with this wonderful newcomer.

"Yes, I really had forgotten. Arrived has she?"

Miss Balleray went up to him, in her gushing way.

"I prophesy you will be the very first to go wild over her.

"She is just what I imagine you will like. Great big grey eyes, and the goldenest hair.

"And so romantic! I wonder you never came across her in your solitary rambles. She actually has been staying all summer down at old Betze's, the fisherman's cottage.

"But then Jessie Lane always had her own curious tastes and ideas. At all events she is here now, and I am just dying to introduce you to her, Mr. Chessington."

He stood confounded for a minute, while he tried to realize it.

Jessie, his darling, the heiress whom he had declared, before them all, he would sooner commit suicide than marry!

"And she is pretty, too," Madge Lambert said, a little venomously, as if it was quite a shame. "I saw her as she went to her room."

Chessington looked self possessedly up at the array of faces.

"I am glad you think Jessie is pretty. I think she is the loveliest girl living.

"So you did not know that I was engaged to her?"

So Cupid had his own way at the seaside, just as surely as though there had been no such thing as fate to overcome.

United in Death.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IT was a ridiculous little romance, and the two who took part in it were so young that the elders were hardly able to keep from laughing while they scolded.

It had been going on for six months, when Violet Ray's mother found that she had been meeting Donald Oak on the bridge that joined West Ferntown with East Ferntown, by crossing the little river that ran between them.

They were actually engaged, and had promised to marry each other in a year.

"I want you to understand that I mean nothing offensive, Mr. Oak," Mr. Ray had said. "It would be just as bad for your boy as for my girl that they should see no more of each other. She is sixteen, and he is eighteen. I think I shall send Violet to a school somewhere."

"And I shall send Donald to his uncle in the city. It is well that we found what they were at. Engaged, indeed! Still, young folks will be young folks."

"Naturally," said Mr. Ray, and the two parted.

They were not in the same rank of life, and they did not know the same people.

They scarcely met again, save to nod to each other in the street, or at a political meeting.

Mr. Ray lived on his property, and prided himself on his aristocratic birth.

Mr. Oak was a plain mechanic, content with his humble life, and respected as a man who owed no one a penny, but with no pretensions whatever.

However, he had educated his boy tolerably, and he had him in perfect subjection.

Donald went to his uncle in New York without remonstrance, but he wrote two letters to Violet, which her father burnt before her eyes without permitting her to open them.

All the two young lovers had to remind them of each other were the halves of a ten-cent piece, on which Donald had engraved his name and that of Violet.

The little bit of silver with Donald's name on it hung over Violet's innocent bosom day and night.

It said to her:

"Some time all will be well."

They had told her that it would never do; that Donald would be poor; that he was not the sort of man she, Miss Ray, could marry, but they did not know what a fortune he intended to make, or how he meant to rise in the world for her sake.

How often he had told her so on the old bridge!

The strength of very early love is immense.

It believes in itself so thoroughly.

It has no doubt of its constancy.

Violet believed that no other two ever loved as she and Donald.

And though time only seemed to bring disappointment, no news of the youth, and changes that seemed to separate them more entirely, she hoped on.

To herself she said every day when she arose:

"Donald may come to-day."

Every night she prayed that he might come "to-morrow."

Three years passed.

Old Mr. Oak grew rheumatic, gave up his business, and went away from the town.

DO. his own

"To live with his son," he told his friends but where Violet could not discover.

Mr. Ray lived on in the old place, and grew richer.

Violet, his heiress, and beautiful besides, had many offers.

She refused them all.

Her father rather prided himself on the fact.

His girl was not one to jump at any match that offered.

But Senator Snowe at last saw her—admired her—and laid siege to her heart.

A match after her proud father's own fancy.

When his "No" was given to him, Mr. Ray remonstrated.

"Any girl might have been proud of an offer from a man like that," he said. "What are you waiting for, Violet?"

Violet blushed.

She was three-and-twenty by this time, but the true answer would have been "for Donald."

All she said was:

"Father, you surely are not tired of me. You would not have me marry a man I did not love?"

"Only I don't see why you couldn't love Senator Snowe," said the father. "A man in the prime of life—handsome, eloquent. Women's whims are past my comprehension."

Even her mother said:

"Darling, it would have been an excellent match for you."

But time passed on.

Violet refused every offer.

At thirty she was still single, and had fallen into a way of saying that she would never marry.

She began to feel now that Donald would not come; but she wore the broken silver piece with his name on it over her heart yet.

And it was about this time that that terrible war of ours broke out that there were sick and wounded men all over the Union to be cared for, and that there was need of women's hands and women's patience in our crowded hospitals.

In her own town a band of devoted women, members of the same church, gave themselves to this good work.

They put aside the garments women love to wear—pretty graceful things—and adopted a grey uniform in which they could work and by which they could be known.

Every one respected them.

All aided them.

The rudest man refrained from a rude word as a grey sister passed.

They toiled, they prayed, they suffered.

Now and then one fell at her post.

One morning Violet said to her mother:

"Sister Constance is dead. She died of the fever. Constance Lamar, you know."

"Poor girl," sighed the mother.

"I am going to take her place," said Violet.

They could not hinder her.

They scarcely dared to do so.

All they could do was to bid her God-speed and weep, and in a little while she was gone from amongst them.

She professed herself happy.

She never spoke of fatigue or suffering; but then it was contrary to the rules of the sisterhood to do so.

She toiled patiently at her self-appointed task for two years.

At the end of that time she was worn to a shadow, but as brave as ever, and she was the first to respond to a call for help in a crowded temporary hospital where soldiers lay dying of disease as well as of wounds, where typhoid fever and small-pox was rife, where provisions were scant, and life harder than elsewhere.

Five grey sisters went to this place.

At the end of the week two were dead.

It was as she left the grave that had been hastily dug for them that Violet was called to assist in the care of a new patient—one wounded unto death—a bronzed man, with a long brown beard, and eyes that were bright with fever.

There was no hope for him.

All that could be done was to assuage his pain, and he knew it.

"Don't waste time on me," he said. "I shall not suffer long, and there are lives you may save with your good hands. Only will you—you in the grey robe—write me a letter—a few lines—and see that it is sent. You will? Heaven bless you. It is only this:

"MY DARLING,—I loved you to the last. I died thinking of you. I tried so hard to make fortune and fame. I hadn't the chances. I enlisted in the army, hoping to rise and come back an officer and marry you. I think you care for me as much as I do for you. I know you are not married. This is the end. I am dying. I send you the token you gave me. I've always worn it next my heart. Perhaps we shall meet in heaven."

"That's all!" faltered the dying man. "It's fancy I know, but you seem to me to look like her in this light. Sign it—Donald Oak; address it to— to—— Oh good Heaven—to——"

"Oh, Donald, Donald, don't you know me? Don't you know Violet?" sobbed the grey sister.

He did know her.

For a moment he clasped her in his arms; their lips met, then all was over.

She laid him softly back upon the pillow, took from her own neck the broken silver coin with Donald on it, and added it to that he wore, on which the name of Violet still remained.

"Bury these with him," she said to the man who came to her aid. "They are old love-tokens."

One day more and the fever had seized upon her.

She also lay dying; and her lips were seen to move.

One bent low to catch the words, and heard this:

"We were young—very young—mother, but I think we knew our own minds."

That was all.

In the death-list published that week the name of Donald Oak, private soldier, stood next to that of Violet Ray, nurse.

Those who knew the old story read them.

"Had they met?" they asked themselves; but they never learnt the truth; they never knew that the early love had never failed in those two faithful bosoms.

Played and Lost.

BY VICTOR GREYSON.

"SEEMS good to be home again," said Papa Raynor, with an indescribable glow on his jolly face. "Aunt Janet and her magnificence haven't spoiled my little girl, then?"

"Nothing would spoil Miss Allie," said old Hannah, coming in at that moment with the hot muffins, and casting a sour glance towards Rita.

"She means that my brief season of popularity ruined me utterly, Allie," remarked that young lady composedly. "Hannah will never forgive me for gaining independence enough to dispute her kingdom."

It would be hard to discover where she encroached upon it, Allie thought, after her first day in the old house, seeing the old impatient carelessness in Rita, and the other's thrifty rule.

Visitors came in during the day to congratulate Allie upon her return, and it was late when the sisters found themselves alone for their first *tete-a-tete*, up in the square north chamber which they had shared together as children, where the firelight sent its shine out over the bare floor and braided mats, without wholly melting the frosty crust from the window-panes, or neutralizing the misty moonbeams that struggled through with weird effects.

"So you have won where I failed?" said Rita. "You have gained Aunt Janet's good opinion, and more wonderful, kept it. You are going back to gloomy grandeur and easy life. Allie, I don't know whether I envy you or not."

"I am not sure that I shall go back, Rita dear."

The fireglow touched the little figure, but it was "the light that was never on sea or land" which irradiated the tender features and made them beautiful.

"So your fate has come to you first," said Rita, with a sudden hardening of look and tone. "And I, older, handsomer, more anxious, I believe, to meet mine. I hate this dreary place more every day! There, never mind; it was only one degree less irksome at Aunt Janet's. How did you ever escape her whims long enough to fall in love with him? Tell me all about it, little mouse?"

"He fell in love with me," confessed Allie, with a blush. "Strange, I know! He is Aunt Janet's nephew—her own nephew, not distantly related as we are—and he was there paying her his yearly visit of respect. You know her way. They didn't agree exactly, and we were left a good deal together, were like old friends from the first."

"If I thought money would make me as suspicious as she is I wouldn't wear out my heart wishing for it," declared Rita bitterly.

"That was their trouble. 'She hates me,' he explained, 'because I'm an heir-at-law, and she has taken a notion that I would like to step into her shoes, poor old lady! She has willed away all her property to charities, I believe, but that don't disabuse her of the idea.' This he told me."

"His name is Acton Leigh, and I don't know just when, but—he is coming to consult papa—probably soon."

An unexpected event however deferred Allie's happiness, clouded it, as Rita perhaps marked, to make the sun shine out more brilliantly afterwards.

A Master's hand was lifted to check poor old Aunt Janet's whimsies forever.

She was found dead in her bed, and in the absence of that will which she had held over the heads of her heirs, one-half of all her possessions went to Acton Leigh, while the other half was split into many subdivisions, one of which fell to the Raynors' share.

It was strange that Rita, who was always filled with unattainable longings for earthly vanities, should have grown gloomy under this slice of unexpected good fortune.

Was it because she envied her sister the greater fortune which would come to her?

Allie never thought it.

"Oh, there's no accounting for her notions," declared Hannah, testily. "I've thought that Miss Janet had her reasons for sending her home and wanting you, Miss Allie. Did you ever hear anything said—like her having a sweetheart who wasn't what he ought to be, for instance?"

"Hannah!"

"Oh, you needn't look at me as if I was profaning holy ground. You have made an idol of Miss Rita, and I should wonder if you'd find it a clay image after all. There's something wrong and underhand about her, though what I don't know. Only, all them long walks of hers ain't taken for nothing, and I'd feel like telling your father to look after her, but he wouldn't see any harm if she was to set the village afire."

There was no use being angry with Hannah, the faithful opinionated old creature who had kept the house for so many years.

Yet Allie could not suspect her sister of wilful deception.

The scales fell from her eyes when Acton Leigh arrived one gloomy evening.

Rita never needed the accessories of dress to enhance her white-and-gold loveliness, and even in her mourning garb there was a flash and splendor about her as she met him with a gracious welcome.

But Mr. Leigh gave a start and put out his hand with the eager exclamation:

"Aurora!"

"You have met before?" queried Allie, in puzzled wonder. "How strange that I should not have known."

A sudden conscious change in the manner of the gentleman, a quick repression of his former eagerness, made her turn to her sister for an explanation.

"No, we never met Allie, but through the intervention of a mutual friend we once indulged in a correspondence of a few months' duration.

"We used assumed names and exchanged pictures, I believe; but the whole matter dropped when I came home, and you have more than supplanted me if I ever had any place in Mr. Leigh's regards."

There was a plaintive undertone of regret in Rita's words.

Allie turned to her lover.

"Explain. You called me Aurora once, but said the name did not suit me. There are things which I scarcely understood, which I just began to see."

"It is rather an awkward mistake to explain—my taking you for her," said Mr. Leigh. "I sent her my picture, and received a handkerchief case in return——"

"With my photograph set in the lid."

"Which I discovered just three days ago when the silk lining came apart in the most unexpected manner.

"Meantime, as I was on the eve of an extended trip, my friend told me that I had been corresponding with Miss Raynors. I met her as I supposed at my aunt's, and that story ended there, Allie; ours began."

He said it in a forced way, however, with his eyes wandering towards Rita, and betraying more than he was willing to acknowledge to himself in the glance.

Allie, brave little soul! saw her duty at once.

She was quite capable of great sacrifices for those whom she loved.

It seemed that those two had been meant for each other, and that she had come between them.

Yet before she could pronounce the words of final separation, she took her sister to task.

"If you had his picture, you knew him by the one at Aunt Janet's. Why did you leave him without a word for all that time?"

"Because I felt that I had been too imprudent already," explained Rita, with drooping eyes, and Allie put away the unworthy thought that it might have been on account of his poverty.

So it was Rita who began to prepare for a wedding, but not even her interest in the growing pile of finery could quite drive away her old spirit of restless discontent.

She was always charming when Acton Leigh was at hand, but would come in sometimes from those long walks of hers with heavy eyes and dragging steps, which old Hannah declared was a judgment upon her for breaking her sister's heart, though Allie showed nothing of what she felt.

There was a cloud over them all at that time which seemed like the foreshadowing of a blow, afterwards, when the letter fell.

It came in the shape of that missing will, turning up when all thought of it had been abandoned, and a curt note to Mr. Raynors informing him that the sum which had been placed to his order must be withdrawn.

"Then Acton is as poor as we are, as poor as—somebody else."

"It can make no difference with you, Rita."

"I think it can," returned Rita coolly. "It was hard to be reconciled when I thought I was making a brilliant match of it.

"Don't be more shocked than you can help, Allie, but the truth is, I've had two strings to my bow all along, and if they are brought to the same level, I shall take the one I like best."

Allie's heart ached that night, as much through disappointment in her sister as under a weight of generous pity for the man she had loved, but Acton Leigh himself did not seem wholly crushed. As he said some weeks afterwards.

"I was dazzled for a time. I had felt an interest in my correspondent, but had no deeper thought than amusement until after I met you Allie.

"Think me inconstant and unworthy of your true affection, if you will, but I am here to sue for it, and if you deny it to me I shall be what Rita's desertion failed to make me—a most unhappy man."

Needless to say that Allie did not consign him to that fate.

And it was not until Rita had eloped with the lover she had never cared to introduce into her own home, that the truth of the will business came out, and it was disclosed that Acton Leigh had inherited the entire property.

On the principle that bitter draughts are wholesome, she may have derived some benefit from knowing that the prize had been hers and she had thrown it away.

KNIFE-AND-FORK FLIRTATION.—To drop your knife means "I am badly bored." To eat with your knife means "I am not posted." To drop your fork means "I am desperately in love." To wipe your knife on the tablecloth means "all right." To stir your coffee with your fork means "How sweet you are." To wet your knife on your fork means "You see I am sharp." To cut your mouth with your knife means "I am impatient.' To pick your teeth with a fork means "I am the pick of the lot."

Scientific and Useful.

DRIVING AWAY ANTS.—Take carbolic acid diluted with water, say one part acid to ten parts cold water, and with a syringe throw this liquid into all the cracks and holes where they nest, and they will soon vanish. Cockroaches are also driven away by it.

SMOOTH FLAT-IRONS.—Beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for the purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt.

TO POLISH ENAMELLED LEATHER.—Two pints of the best cream, one pint of linseed oil; make them each lukewarm, and then mix them well together. Having previously cleaned the shoe, &c., from dirt, rub it over with a sponge dipped in the mixture; then rub it with a soft dry cloth until a brilliant polish is produced.

GREASE IN CARPETS.—The following mixture is recommended for taking grease out of carpets: Aqua ammonia, 2 ounces; soft water, 1 quart; saltpetre, 1 teaspoonful; shaving-soap, 1 ounce, finely scraped. Mix well, shake and let it stand a few hours or days, before using, to dissolve the soap. When used pour on enough to cover any grease or oil that has been spilled, sponging and rubbing well and applying again if necessary, then wash off with clear cold water. It is a good mixture to have in the house for many things; is sure death to bed-bugs if put in the crevices which they inhabit; will remove paint where oil was used in mixing it and will not injure the very finest fabrics.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—If the injury be superficial, a little creosote may be applied to the part; and if it be a scald, the vesicle may be first pierced with a needle, and the aqueous fluid squeezed out. When creosote is not procurable, a liniment, formed of equal parts of soft soap, basilicon ointment, oil of turpentine, and water, may be used instead. When the part is very hot and painful, a poultice may be applied, on the surface of which a few drops of creosote, or the liniment, should be spread with a knife. If the poultice be applied, it is advisible to keep it on until the next day, when a little spermaceti ointment, spread on some soft linen, is to be used instead. Plunging the part into cold water immediately on the receipt of the injury will frequently prevent any further remedy being necessary.

Farm and Garden.

CISTERNS AND TANKS.—To make cisterns and tanks water-tight, paint thickly on the inside with a mixture of eight parts of melted glue and four of linseed oil, boiled with litharge. In forty-eight hours it will be so hard that the tank can be filled with water.

SALTPETER FOR BLACKLEG.—Give each of your calves and yearlings a teaspoonful of saltpeter finely pounded, once in three weeks, and they will not be troubled with blackleg. The blood becomes too thick to circulate freely, and causes a stoppage. Fever ensues, and the animal dies. But the saltpeter thins the blood and cools it. So says an exchange. The experiment is worth trying.

CLEAN PATHS.—Weeds on gravel walks may be destroyed and prevented from growing again by a copious dressing of the cheapest salt. This is a better method than hand-pulling, which disturbs the gravel and renders constant raking and rolling necessary. One application early in the season, and others as may be needed, while the weeds are small will keep the walks clean and bright.

SHEEP.—A farm can be stocked with sheep cheaper than with any other animals. Sheep will come nearer to utilizing everything which grows on the farm. Less labor will be required for getting feed and stock together. The returns will come in sooner and oftener than with any farm stock, except hogs. Less money is required for shelter and fencing, and less labor is required in herding, when outside pasturage is accessible and preferred. And finally, a handsome income on the investment can be had without the sale of the animals themselves.

PRESERVING EGGS.—The Scientific American gives this as an excellent mode for preserving eggs: Take fresh ones, put a dozen or more into a small willow basket, and immerse this for five seconds in boiling water, containing about five pounds of common brown sugar per gallon. Place the eggs on trays to dry; then pack, when cool, small ends down, in an intimate mixture of one part of finely powdered charcoal and two of dry bran. In this way they will last six months or more. The scalding water causes the formation of a thin skin of hard albumen next the inner surface of the shell, and the sugar or syrup closes all the pores.

COVERED YARDS.—American farmers for the most part have yet to learn the value of a covered yard for their stock. There are many days in the year when cattle could be turned into such a yard, when they would otherwise be condemned, on account of the weather, to stand all day in the stable. The roof would prevent all waste of manure from washing, and would make the yard so cleanly and comfortable that the animals could lie down. In this country, where wood is so cheap, and almost every man sufficiently handy to be his own carpenter, we are convinced that farmers have only to see the advantages of such yards to adopt them at once.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, 1882.

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POLITENESS.

Of all the graces and acquirements which tend to adorn one's manners, politeness is the chief. There is nothing which so recommends a person on a slight acquaintance, and it loses none of its value when found in the nearest connections, and in the dearest and most tender friendships. All cannot possess it in the very highest degree, because it is a natural gift, but all are capable of attaining to something not far removed from perfection.

We may say, however, that there are two kinds of politeness—the natural and the artificial. The natural is the peculiar gift of the well-bred. It is, so to speak, part of their patrimony or real estate, and is entailed upon them by birth. To this class of persons politeness is no effort; it is, as before stated, natural and inherent.

Now; the generality of people cannot be said to possess this quality naturally. To those it is the result of training, and, like other things, must be obtained by instruction, and by the observance and imitation of good models.

We purpose to give a few general hints as to what is required for a foundation before the endeavor to attain to this quality is commenced. Good temper is absolutely necessary. Without this, little or nothing can be done; but with it, and a moderately good understanding, applied conscientiously to the purpose, success is pretty certain. And you must be willing to learn and unlearn. Many things which you formerly thought to be right must be relinquished, and some things which you have thought little of must be carefully cultivated. Unless you are prepared to do this you will make little progress. Presence of mind is also essential. You should be able to form an opinion as to what you ought to do or say in one moment. Do not be taken by surprise so as to answer unthinkingly. Rather have all your energies, your powers of speech, at your command, and be able to engage in gay and sprightly conversation without overstepping the bounds of propriety. When you are able to do this, you are making rapid progress in your study. Joined to presence of mind, you should have a quick sense of propriety. When you are about to speak, think; and if your words would be likely to hurt the feelings of any person present, even in the slightest degree; if they might cause a reticent nature one pang, they should be left unspoken. However, if you possess the sense of propriety you will know how to act at such a juncture. Aim at this, for with its possession a great step has been gained.

Your rule should be—"Think of others first." Do not reckon yourself anything. But humility, though a cardinal virtue, has its proper bounds. You should not strain to humble yourself to any one; for by so doing you might lose your self-respect, and others lose their respect for you, and acquire an advantage over you.

All these things go to form what might be called the science of politeness, and to make the polite person. The only method to obtain them is by observation and careful training.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Ontario Court of Common Pleas has decided that the shaving of customers by barbers on Sunday is a violation of the laws, it being not a work of charity or necessity.

—

THE London *Lancet* says that medical men, however they may differ on the drink question, were unanimous in the opinion that spirits, wine or beer should only be taken with food.

—

THE popularity of the violin among the laboring classes of England was recently shown by the attendance of over 400 applicants for instruction at the recent opening of the "penny violin classes" at Birmingham. Only a penny a lesson is charged, the instruction being given in large classes.

—

SINCE Mr. Spurgeon's (the famous preacher) return to London, a bazaar, or, as we would call it in this country, a "fair," has been held by the people of the tabernacle in aid of the Girls' Orphanage. Mr. Spurgeon opened the fair, and intimated what he thought should be the style of purchasing, by telling the story of a gentleman who, on his way home one dark night was encountered by a footpad, with the demand: "Your money or your life!" The gentleman's reply was: "You can't have any money; I have been to a bazaar." The highwayman immediately recognized the force of the reasoning, and even offered a contribution.

—

A RECENT examination of the physical causes which may produce the short-sightedness so common among students and others who work by artificial light, tends to show that it is not so much the light as the heat which produces that abnormal condition of the eye. This fact—if it really be a fact—furnishes another strong argument for the electric light.

—

IOWA dentists are trying to get a legislative corner in tooth-pulling. They have a bill in the Legislature providing that no newcomers shall be admitted to the practice of dental surgery except they have graduated from "reputable colleges," and making other regulations. It is all for the good of people having imperfect molars, they say, but the Solons seem likely to favor competition in the business.

—

YOUNG blood is well represented in the British army. It appears that the proportion of men under twenty years of age in the whole army is 104 per 1,000, and that the great bulk of the men—that is, 630 per 1,000—are between the ages of twenty and twenty-three. There cannot be much fear for the physique of an army of which more than one-half consists of men in the prime of their strength.

—

THE lot of the London policeman ought not to be an unhappy one. He lives at the station houses, and has commodious apartments. The kitchen is well supplied, and there are bath and reading rooms, and libraries. He has chess and checker boards, and billiard tables. There is a police fund which maintains two orphan schools—one for boys, and one for girls—the children of deceased members of the force.

—

THE cashier of a San Francisco banking firm arranged an invalid chair at his desk in such a manner that he could work sitting up or reclining, as he pleased. His employers objected on the ground that it did not look business-like. They discharged him, but he refused to accept a dismissal, as he held a contract for a year's employment. A court will be called on to decide whether an easy chair prevented him from properly performing his duties.

—

THE consumption of tobacco in Mexico, where everybody smokes—the senorita in her reception room, as well as the boy of five summers, is immense. In the principal factory at Orizoba more than 11,000,000 packages, each containing thirty cigarettes, were manufactured during the past year, and more than 12,000,000 cigars left the same building. As the duty on tobacco is light, the luxury of smoking absorbs but little of the consumer's income.

—

MAYOR HARRISON, of Chicago, is said to have a notion that faro banks ought to observe the same hours of business as other banks, and has accordingly ordered them not to keep their doors open in the evening. He hopes to convince the sports that by attending strictly to their affairs they can accomplish just as much in eight hours as they can in fifteen or twenty, and that the gambler of the future will only keep his place open between the hours of 10 and 3.

—

PHYSICIANS declare that it is impossible for persons to be chloroformed without their knowledge, and that experiments have satisfied them of the correctness of that assertion. In the hospitals in every instance where the patient was in a sound sleep, and a sponge, or anything else, saturated with chloroform, or a like anæsthetic, was placed to the nose or mouth that moment the patient awakened. "If," says a distinguished doctor, "the inmates of a house which has been robbed and chloroform supposed to have been applied, do not know of the presence of the robbers before they were overpowered by the drug, you may rest assured that none was used."

—

A NUMBER of medical students in Manchester, England, expressed their disapproval of a play the other evening by conduct of a disorderly and scandalous character. The *Examiner and Times* the next day called their attention to "an American method of satirizing a performance, which need not include violence or grossly ungentlemanly behavior. The students who ridiculed Oscar Wilde by wearing the same costume, down to the very knee breeches, buckles, and flowers, in which he disported himself on the platform, were men of taste and good feeling, who may be supposed to have contributed to, rather than marred, the amusement and enjoyment of the other members of the audience."

—

THE convict camps of Kentucky have been described as places of barbarous torture. A committee of the Legislature is making an investigation. The testimony thus far taken seems to bear out the worst of the charges. In one camp, only thirteen out of fifty convicts survived a year of excessive labor at lumbering, insufficient food, scant clothing, and entire absence of medical attention. Suicides have been common among the prisoners, and deliberate murders by the keepers, under the plea of enforcing discipline, have come to light. In a coal-mining camp, when the men protested against going into a dangerous tunnel, the keeper drove them in at the mouth of a cocked revolver. Three hours afterwards a fall of earth killed eleven of them. The lash and thumb-screw have been in use.

—

THE packing business in Maine has reached immense proportions. There are sixty-one corn-canning establishments, with an annual production of about 11,350,000 cans. The packing of fish is roughly estimated at 1,500,000 cans of lobster, 750,000 cans of mackerel, and 250,000 cans of clams annually. The sardine business, which had its origin four or five years ago in a small shop at Eastport, has attained vast proportions, there now being fifteen or more factories in operation at different points in the State, and others are projected. Several factories are also quite extensively engaged in the canning of meats—chiefly mutton. Others at present are canning apples, while immense quantities of blueberries and other small fruits are put up at the various establishments throughout the State during the summer season.

—

THE Chinese authorities look sharply after the medical profession, and any delinquencies are promptly noted for remedy. At Shanghai the doctors have recently been officially warned to give better attention to their patients, and be ready at all times to attend them. The admonition reads: Physicians now think that they possess great skill, and not only charge high fees, but insist on being paid full hire for their chair coolies, and they do not care what becomes of the patient so that they get their fees. If these were only charged to the wealthy, it would not so much matter, but the poor have to pay them also. An evil practice also exists by which doctors will not visit their patients before one o'clock in the afternoon; some will even smoke opium and drink tea until late in the evening. These are abuses, the magistrates say, which they will on no account permit.

—

BY a process known as enfleurage, which is the exposure of beef fat to fresh flowers in closed boxes until it is thoroughly permeated and charged with their odors, the perfumes of six flowers are obtained, which could in no other manner known to science be preserved apart from the fresh petals. Those flowers are violet, jasmine, tuberose, rose, orange flower and cassie-(cinnamon flower). From these six there are fifty or more combinations made for the simulation of the odors of other flowers. Sweet pea is made with jasmine and orange flower; hyacinth is counterfeited by jasmine and tuberose; lily of the valley by violet and tuberose. But the resources of the perfumer are by no means confined to the pomades, as the scented fats are termed. He uses many essential oils, the principal of which are sandalwood, bergamot, lemon, rosemary, neroli (made from bitter orange flowers), patchouli, and ottar of roses. It is very difficult to get the last-named in a pure state, because its great cost tempts to dishonest adulteration. Very often rose geranium oil is substituted for it. Musk is another important ingredient, entering, as it does, into almost all perfumes, except those which are actually imitations of flower odors, or, as styled by perfumers, "natural"—as, for instance, heliotrope, tuberose, white rose and violet.

COME BACK TO ME.

BY ETHEL.

Come back to me—I am lonely without thee,
Fain would I be glad, but no joy can I see;
The while thou art absent I cannot but doubt thee,
Then come back, my darling, oh come back to me!

In the bright early morning, when Nature's awaking
From the slumbers of midnight, and fresh on each spray
The wings of the wild-birds are dew-spangles shaking,
My heart whispers, "Hope—he may come back to-day."

And again in the gloaming, I list for thy coming,
In a silence so deep I can hear my heart beat,
When beneath the broad shade of the chestnuts I'm roaming,
And list for thy voice or the sound of thy feet.

From my work my thoughts wander, to dwell and to ponder
On thee, and to wonder, what keeps thee away;
While, still hopefully beating, my heart keeps repeating,
"He will come—oh perhaps he will come back to-day!"

Then come back to me—I am lonely without thee;
Fain would I be glad, but no joy can I see;
Though we're parted so far, I am thinking about thee,
And the prayer of my soul is, "Oh, come back to me!"

The Rose of Destiny.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

AND THEN Bridget appeared with wine and glasses on an antique silver waiter, biscuits, and "seedy" cake which no one touched. M. Meunier, however, helped himself to some Malorfa, and then begged to be shown over the gardens and grounds of Ravensdale.

Pretty flower-like Joan conducted them first into the old chapel, where the noseless knight reposed, and found M. Meunier at her side when Miss Carden and Mrs. Piggott lingered to read an inscription on a marble tablet.

"We know the chapel so well," the Rector's wife said, with a wave of her hand towards Miss Carden; "but a foreigner like M. Meunier will no doubt find it interesting."

There was a deepening color on Joan's cheeks as she explained the history of the melancholy knight, in whose career the artist appeared to take a deep interest.

"In this age of fastness, slang, Americanism, and caricature it is refreshing to find oneself transplanted into the thirteenth century. After all, the Crusaders were in earnest," he was saying, in reply to some remark of Joan's.

Mrs. Piggott found the chapel damp, shivered and sneezed, and begged to be taken to the picture gallery.

"I remember I used to cry over him, and tell him all my troubles when I was a child," said Joan, laughing a farewell nod at the hero; and M. Meunier gave her a strange rapid glance under his dark lashes that did not escape old Miss Carden's naturally acute observation.

As they entered the picture gallery M. Meunier sighed.

"To me a gallery like this arouses sad sentiments," he murmured, conscious that Joan would understand him.

"They are all dead and gone, you know. Have you ever read over the letters of those who are dead addressed to others who have also joined the great majority? Nothing is more mournful. Well, a picture gallery like this gives me the same impression."

And here Mrs. Piggott's hard voice interposed.

"None of these Challoner ladies ever thought of giving sly peeps under Gainsborough hats, or postured behind huge feather fans, or nonsense like that. I don't care for the beauty we see nowadays; it's all too loud, too self-asserting, too audacious," she said, scanning the portraits on the walls. "These were more like what women should be, with less sham and pretence."

M. Meunier was silent; he was looking at the cold handsome figures and faces of those who had moved and breathed amid the past.

Were they loyal, honorable, and brave? Gallant gentlemen or churlish knaves? What would they think, if they could speak, of the ugliness of modern life—the universal toleration, the deification of so much that is coarse and vile; the languid contempt and gentle disdain of all things that mark the typical golden youth of the nineteenth century; the "buttonholes," the divorce court?

"That is the musicians' gallery," said Joan, with gentle deference.

She had seen the shade upon his brow; she had caught the melancholy of his mood.

"Indeed!"

"It was built in Queen Annie' reign, and then it was burnt down; and when Sir Hubert Challoner."

"Hush, hush, my dear Joan!" said Mrs. Piggott playfully. "Don't go into that everlasting history; you're getting as tedious as a tourist's guide or the official in the Tower; and really, let me see, it's getting dreadfully late.

"Temple will be expecting us to luncheon; and he's so angry, dear soul, when we're late. M. Meunier, like most Frenchmen—I'm sure that horrid chapel was damp—eats nothing at our early breakfast; he must be literally famished.

"Suppose we go through the terrace gardens into the park, and do the rest of the mansion another day."

M. Meunier stroked his beard and smiled, as if amused at Mrs. Piggott's sudden desire of an exodus.

"As you will," he said, knowing it was useless to endeavor to change her decision, and muttered something about the caprices of women, and soon after he was bidding Joan and Miss Carden good-bye at the entrance of the park.

"To-morrow we will begin our first lesson, remember," he whispered. "You must not despair, or think you will be doomed for a governess.

"The firmness of individual resolve will work wonders. There are talent and taste to be unearthed here."

Joan walked rather disconsolately back by her cousin's side.

"What do you think of him?" she asked, in a low voice.

"He's a gentleman evidently, but I wish he wouldn't come here, making love to you."

"To me!" echoed Joan, half charmed with the idea, but frightened to give it form in words. "How can you say such a thing, cousin."

"I mean it, Joan; we old maids are not always blind as moles or bats, and perhaps the man's an arrant flirt; nearly all those Frenchmen are, they say."

Joan said no more, but went straight to her little room in a brown study.

Was there really, after all, such a thing as love at first sight? She had always, to a certain degree, despised Juliet, as do many girls whose hearts are fancy-free; but now the love-frenzy of that luckless heroine evoked less contempt.

She felt touched, softened—a sweet and pensive languor oppressed her; but her habitual self-control made her check emotion. Joan had few pleasures, few girl-friends of whom she made *confidantes*.

She knew when tears forced their way that she was weak, absurd, and selfish; and yet why did his eyes confuse her senses and stir her very life? And why was she longing for the morrow?

CHAPTER III.

"I LOVE YOU."

"I would make his home
A resting-place from each uneasy effort;
The very eagle cannot hold his weight
For ever in the sky."

IT WAS not without considerable trepidation that Joan prepared to receive her first lesson; her life had been so perpetually becalmed that the smallest change in it seemed an event, and about M. Meunier was all that charm of mystery which is so fascinating and bewildering to a young mind.

She knew that he was an intellectual man, a thinker, who had studied life as a philosopher, and she already felt a reverence for his authority; he was so different from the material thoughtless rustic types—the genial fellows to whom she had grown accustomed, who passed hours in the open air and never touched a book.

Joan had no imaginative genius; but then again she was neither frivolous nor vain. She was sensitive and impressionable, and M. Meunier's quiet dignity, his *esprit*, the vein of irony that occasionally ran through his remarks, gave him an interest in her eyes that no one had ever yet awakened.

Sympathies are very strange, but they govern humanity.

M. Meunier came to-day, along the avenue leading to the old mansion, smoking a cigarette, and with De Quincey under his arm.

He walked quickly; his gray-felt wideawake pushed sideways on his head, a few flowers in his hand, which he had gathered coming through the terrace garden.

Joan, who had been watching for him at the oriel window, was conscious of that shrinking susceptibility which makes a young girl of her nature like a mimosa plant.

She rearranged her easel, drew her brushes over her fingers, and mixed some madder-brown and yellow ochre furiously together on her palette as his approaching steps were heard along the corridor.

"Good morning, Miss Joan," he said, holding out his hand, into which hers went with the faintest perceptible tremor. "Well, are we going to work hard? Are we prepared to paint out that smoky-looking sky and the trees resembling those in a child's toy-box, and suggest a firmament more like heaven's own blue? Do you know, young lady, that you have been badly taught?"

He had seated himself before the picture, and, taking up a brush, went rapidly to work; Joan standing by his side and watching every movement of his hand. It was wonderful how sudden was the transformation.

"I could never paint like that if I tried all my life," she said shyly.

"Never depreciate yourself," he answered; "plenty are ready to do that for you; people take you at your own estimate. You have nice taste, and painting is such an agreeable distraction.

"When one dreams on some sunlit moor, or wanders about the East, or strolls by the Mediterranean or along the Riviera, see what amusement it gives one; as a matter of barter, painting is often a drudgery, and it is the same with every art."

"Do you think I could ever paint well enough to—to make a living at it?" asked Joan earnestly. She did not wish to indulge in foolish dreams.

"Not at present, certainly; perhaps never. You see there are so many at it."

"I know it must be difficult; but to have to go away, live with strangers, and work for them—that is hard. I would rather live in the tiniest garret and paint for a living, even if—"

Her voice faltered. She had hoped he would have praised her. He evidently thought very meanly of her capacities.

"You mustn't take a dislike to what may be a necessity," he said dryly. "Toil and bondage are the lot of all who are not born with the silver spoon in their mouths. There are thousands—hundreds of thousands—of young girls who have to earn their own living.

"Feminine labor is a drug in the market. If you ask me candidly, I should say, Abandon any Utopian schemes you have in your mind of being an artist. Follow your good cousin's advice, and make the best of things."

Joan was bitterly disappointed. Mrs. Piggott and others had exalted her work and given her sweet flattery. She was accustomed to be admired and thought clever; she blushed painfully, and the tears forced their way, but were bravely beaten back.

She was silent, mortified, and even distressed. He watched her and saw the struggle, and then he gazed almost wistfully at the velvet lawns, the fragrant flowers, the stately trees in the old avenue, the poetry and beauty of Ravensdale, which she must leave.

"What sort of a man is this Challoner?" he asked abruptly, after a pause, still painting away to Joan's intense mystification.

"He has been very good to us; he lets us live here."

"A character, isn't he, from all accounts?"

"I don't know about that; every one speaks well of him."

"Even his tenants? These Irish are a cut-throat set."

"They are misguided," said Joan sadly; "they have never been understood."

"They've a lively knack of killing their creditors. I don't wonder at people preferring to live away from the place."

He had risen and was standing at the window; a glimpse of the blue mountains just visible through the trees, the sunlight streaming on the silvery waters of the lake.

"We will work no more to-day, he said, scanning her face. "I have brought you a flower in return for the one I took possession of the other night. That is blooming still on my mantlepiece in a glass of water."

He tossed her a splendid Devoniensis rose, and as Joan picked it up she forgot her disappointment; and then they talked on a variety of subjects, and he discovered that Joan loved reading and had a fair stock of information.

He dazzled, bewildered, wounded, and encouraged her with his semi-mordant and cynical mood; but never had an hour flown so quickly; their glances, unknown to each, grew warmer. Joan felt under a spell, dreamy, sad, and enchanted, all in turn.

Then old Miss Carden entered, shook hands with her guests, and heard his opinion of Joan's talents.

He advised her strongly to abandon all idea of earning a livelihood at art; promised to look in on them in a day or two and give her fresh hints, if she pleased; and, after a few gentlemanly farewell remarks, withdrew.

Joan could assume a part no longer. She lifted her hands to her brow and burst into a passion of tears.

"Why, my dear child, what is the matter?" cried her cousin, startled at this extraordinary display of emotion.

"I am so miserable!" sobbed Joan. "I had so hoped he would praise my work and encourage me; and I would have lived in a garret, and had nothing but tea and bread and butter, and any substitute for meals, to have got on, and now its all no good! I'm stupid, and have no talent, and shall have to be a governess, and fetch and carry; and I hate the thought of it!"

"Just what I expected," answered Miss Carden gloomily; "that ridiculous dressed-up doll, Mrs. Piggott, puts such absurd notions into young girls' heads, and I never heard—"

At that moment a light tap came at the door, and M. Meunier, to Joan's horror, appeared, pleading guilty to the carelessness of having dropped his pocket-book and gloves, and begged to be allowed to find them.

"Never mind, my dear," whispered Mrs. Carden to poor Joan, who drew down the blind with an angry jerk. "He won't notice you."

But Joan shivered and put her hands before her face, and ran out of the room, not before an amused smile of his warned her that he had caught a glimpse of her tear-stained face.

"And my complexion is simply horrid when I've been crying," muttered Joan, rushing to her room; "it looks like mottled soap."

M. Meunier did not appear for the several days. Joan fancied he had forgotten her, and she began to feel unhappy.

She was immensely lowered in her own estimation, and was quite meek and humble when Ada and Gwendoline Piggott came over to tea, and sang duets, and looked at her paintings.

"My dear, you are a genius—mother says so, and M. Meunier thinks the same, I'm sure," said Ada, who gushed at everything.

"O no, he doesn't, Ada," answered Joan sorrowfully; "it's all a mistake. I'm going to give it up."

And when Ada told M. Meunier he was wicked and cruel at disheartening Joan, and that she had lost her spirits and appetite, and didn't care what became of her, he went out of the room, put on his hat, and resolved to walk over to Ravensdale.

There had been two or three more lessons given since the first, when he had slaughtered Joan's hopes, and she was decidedly improving; but he was very chary of praise.

That fair bright face, those sweet girlish ways, the pure and tender nature of the girl whom he had fallen in love with at first sight, were growing daily dearer to him. He loved her—how he loved her!

Her merest glance, her lightest touch, her very gesture, thrilled him with a passion that startled him with its vehemence. And to-day he must find out if she cared for him—ever so little—if her heart reflected his image, as a lake the hues of the heaven above.

If not—and no man living could better judge the meaning of a woman's looks, manners, and words than he—he would go away from her for ever, and forget the foolish dream, the pain and longing, the anguish of a hopeless love.

It was a lovely morning when he set out for Ravensdale, and under the soft shade of the summer sunshine it looked like a miniature paradise, with its quaint range of old gothic casements, its stately avenue, the distant park, where, deep in fern, the deer wandered amid long grasses, or plunged into the thicket that surrounded the estate.

He came upon Joan in the middle of the avenue; and spite of her resolves, a vague and unintelligible melancholy had of late possessed her, that gave a beseeching expression to her face, a sadness to her young loveliness, which, glowing in the sun's warmth, had lost the deep rich tints of coloring that had been once Titian-like in its perfect glow.

The scent of M. Meunier's strong cigar arrested her attention. She tried at first to steal away unnoticed; but he was too quick for her, and came at once to her side.

A great butterfly flew over her broad brimmed straw hat, and then alighted on some flowers she had just gathered in her little basket.

"I have come to say good-bye to you, Miss Carden," he said, after they had talked of the weather, and the fruit, and the sweet-brier hedge, a piece of which adorned his coat. "I am going away from Ireland."

"Are you returning to Paris?" asked Joan, with consummate indifference. She tried to convince herself she disliked him.

"Possibly," he answered, with a shrug; "but before leaving Ireland I have something to say to you."

"Is it very important?" asked Joan, with a brave attempt at archness, and pulling a fuchsia to pieces.

"It's about your work that I wish to talk," he said, with an assumed professional severity of manner.

"Indeed! That interests you very much, I know."

"You think I've been unkind to you, do you not, in throwing cold water on your artistic efforts? I have always disliked the mere thought of turning art into money," he went on, studying her face intently. "Try and look upon art as a luxury, a delight, a pastime; follow it humbly and reverently, but do not seek for payment."

"One must live," said Joan, a little fiercely; "but as I have no talents I mean to resign all attempts at painting for a living—I shall have to be a governess."

He smiled, and rested his hand on her shoulder.

"Pardon me, you have considerable talent, but you have no humbug in your nature: a little talent and plenty of the latter would eventually get you on; without it you are lost. The most successful people in this world are the humbugs."

Joan sighed, and the tears very nearly drowned her eyes. It was hard; he admitted, after all, that she had talent.

"What, then, shall I do?" she asked, with a sigh that must have gone to the most invulnerable masculine heart.

His hand traveled from her shoulder to her arm, and he let it rest there; his head drooped over her dark wavy hair; the vivid crimson darted in a flood-tide to cheek and brow.

"There is no need for you to do anything," he whispered; "no need, believe me, for you to be my one's slave, or to do anything you do not like. You have but to choose—"

His hand trembled over the sleeve of her dainty morning-dress, but she only looked at him with startled, bewildered eyes. Was it a dream? He drew her towards him; he imprisoned her little hands and held them fast.

"I love you, my darling. I've come to ask you to be my wife—an artist's wife, Joan; together we will work and revere art."

Joan covered her face, and turned away with a sigh. Why had this man so soon become to her more than any other being on earth?

She felt at a word ready to follow him to the world's end, and she sobbed from sudden utter joy.

"And if you are no genius," he went on, smilingly, "what then, Joan? Do you think a man cares about a woman whose fame is on every tongue, and who could set the world on fire? Such mental gunpowder is worrying.

"A woman with all sorts of wonderful designs, drifting through strange unknown seas, and dragging a fellow after her—what a bore she would be, what charm could she have to a man seeking rest?"

"I never thought you cared for me," stammered Joan, enraptured, but shy; "it's all so new—so wonderful."

"Joan, I love you."

Her head for a moment rested on his shoulder. He drew her nearer to him; the light from his grave, ardent eyes came in tender, broken, fitful gleams—it seemed to infold her in one vast luminance, and kindle fresh beams in her's.

"What must be my answer, little one?"

She looked pale and bewildered. He was her first lover; no man had ever yet soiled her innocent lips with a kiss; new life throbbed in her veins—love was intoxicating her senses."

"My answer is—yes," murmured Joan.

"And you are quite sure you love me?"

"I have thought of nothing else but you since the first night we met," she faltered beneath his embrace. "It's awful to be ruled thus; but I could have conquered it—you remember you kept the rose?"

"The dear Rose of Destiny, Joan?"

"Was it that?" smiling.

"I think so, Joan; it affected me as if I were some sentimental schoolboy; and now, my darling, will you prove your love for me by doing something to please me?

"I must leave you for a time—it is indispensable to our future interests. During my absence we must be engaged in secret. Can you trust me enough for this?"

"Not mention it to my cousin?" cried Joan, too exalted to have yet given a thought to her romantic lover's income.

"Not till I return; we will then make our confession, and sue for forgiveness; and I think I can give a sufficiently satisfactory account of myself to relieve her of every fear—that I'm either a bigamist, an adventurer, or a bankrupt."

"I will do what you wish," answered Joan steadily.

"That's a dear obedient child; and I'll bring a pretty ring back with me for you from Paris—a diamond one; girls like diamonds, don't they?"

Joan glanced at the shabby little pearl ring on her finger—the only one she possessed.

"Will you give me this?" he asked.

She slipt it off her finger, and he took possession of it with a kiss on the dimpled girlish hand.

"And now, Joan, what of your scepticism as to the power of love at first sight? Remember, I fell in love with you at church."

"The unforeseen is like a golden empyrean," she muttered. "I know it is so now. You are always right, I suppose."

"God bless you, Joan; be true to me!" he answered, with a fond glance and a farewell embrace. "It's hard to leave you; but I must—no help for it. Walk with me to the end of the avenue."

When Joan returned alone she found her cousin sitting out on the lawn in her low-backed chair, the retriever by her side, and a piece of work in her hands.

"How you have idled away your morning, Joan," old Miss Carden said a little irritably. "This dreaming will never do; you must learn to be more practical. Why, what a color you have! It's the sun, I suppose."

Joan knelt down rather confusedly on the grass, and played with the dog.

"While you've been mooning about the place, I've been worried.

"Here's a letter come from Milan, from Mr. Challoner, saying he thinks of returning to what he calls his 'drowsy refuge' at Ravensdale for a few weeks, and then he means to sell it and live in England."

But Joan gave vent to no dejected expressions, as was her wont when the possibility of Mr. Challoner's return was mooted.

She nodded at Gip with wistful indecision, as if uncertain whether to take him into her confidence, and then hung over her cousin's chair and read Mr. Challoner's letter through.

"We shall have to turn out, that's all, I suppose," she said, blowing a soft kiss on Miss Carden's ear.

"And you will have to be a governess, Joan. I'm glad you've given up all that nonsense about painting."

"O, there's nothing like sound common sense for getting on in this world," cried Joan airily, "or a little talent and plenty of humbug."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MASTER OF RAVENSDALE

MR. CHALLONER arrived in due course, and preparations to make his drowsy "harbor of refuge" agreeable had taken a certain spasmodic form that even Miss Carden's philosophy could not altogether control.

Although Joan was mentally pursuing the absent M. Meunier to Paris, wondering if he thought of her much, or had ever looked at the withered Rose of Destiny, she too, caught this general excitement.

She found herself rushing at the brown-holland covers on the Metternich suite in the drawing room, dragging them off, heedless of the tapes that bound them; and in uncovering the magnificent glass chandelier, that for more than fourteen years had never been revealed to the honest eyes of daylight, detached several of the wonderfully-cut lustres, and found them at her feet shivered into complete wrecks.

A professional cook was telegraphed for from Dublin, who disgusted the worthy Bridget by her strong libations of Irish whisky, and who proved herself true to the old national proverb, "Wine to-day, water to-morrow;" for after exerting herself to an alarming extent over soups and pastry on the day Mr. Challoner was expected, utterly collapsed on the morrow, and was found in a hopeless state of semi-inanition, from which she could only be aroused by vague promises of attending a local "wake."

Joan and Miss Carden were both seated in the drawing room, wearing their best dresses, and looking rather nervously at each other from time to time, first down the avenue, and then at the surrounding magnificence of the Metternich suite.

What would he say? How would he look? Would he turn them adrift when Ravensdale was sold, or pay for their existence in lodgings?

The realities of life look very grim in certain lights. They were both penniless.

They were absolutely dependent on his bounty. Both, too, were proud.

Joan's manner had, however, a certain sprightliness and assurance that old Miss Carden could not fathom.

Her moods had never before been so variable or so bright. She talked of "governessing" as a charming distraction, with nothing exhaustive to youth's energies—it was more romantic than commonplace.

She meant to make every one fond of her, and see nothing that was disagreeable. And still they sat watching for Mr. Challoner's arrival, while the evening twilight was melting into darkness, and Bridget had twice rushed in to say they were sure he was coming, for they distinctly heard the sound of approaching wheels.

"Suppose we have a cup of tea in the library, Joan; it's no use waiting any longer. I don't fancy he'll arrive till to-morrow," Miss Carden was saying, as the furniture took weird invisible shapes in the gathering dusk.

"Very well, cousin; I'll go and make some. It strikes me very forcibly our patron is a capricious man.

"What with telegrams, letters, and all the rest of it, he's kept us in a pretty lively state of mind lately. How I wish he would come, and have done with it."

Spite of her assumed coolness, her eyes had darkened with suppressed emotion; those glorious wild Irish eyes of hers, that were all unconscious of their beauty and power of entrancement.

Miss Carden ran to the window and listened.

"I believe I do hear something this time, Joan. It is he. Hark at the furious pace the man is driving. Guy Challoner always seemed to act like magic on everybody."

"Yes, cousin;" and Joan clapped her hands, and danced round the room. "What fun it will be to watch him and hear all he says. I fancy he'll be awfully gloomy, with a sort of dismal Byronic despair about him, and smoke from morning till night."

Mr. Challoner's valet, Lowten, had by this time leapt off the box, and rung violently at the bell.

Bridget opened the hall-door wide, and saw a smiling gentleman, with a good deal of brown whiskers and gold chain, standing with some furs and wraps on his arm.

The worthy soul at once mistook the valet for the master, and curtsied humbly to the ground.

Lowten was apparently quite used to such homage; indeed, expected it; and it was only when he turned to assist his master from the carriage that she discovered the mistake she had made.

The valet was offering his arm with studied grace to his master, who appeared a chronic invalid from his numerous wrappings and the profound air of attention with which his servant viewed him.

Miss Carden and Joan were in the hall as Mr. Challoner, on his valet's arm, ascended the steps; but they could see little of his face, it was so muffled up, and his straight gray eyebrows were slightly contrasted with a frown.

"Deuce take you, Lowten," said the master of Ravensdale, in a rather shrill *crescendo*; "but you've mangled my foot; and if you can't be more serviceable, I shall really have to send for Gulliver back again."

"What a horrid temper!" muttered Joan, and blessed the absent Meunier, who would save her from an unpleasant future.

"He's dreadfully changed," whispered old Miss Carden, with a nervous quake.

She was always alarmed at the least show of temper in one of the opposite sex.

When Mr. Challoner found himself safely in the hall, and upon one of the old oaken chair, with a griffin carved on its back, he held out his hand, and looked less grim.

"And how are you both?" he asked, scarcely glancing at Joan, who hung back a little.

Bridget had curtsied till she could bend no more; and a savage nudge from Lowten so alarmed her, she screamed, "Ah, begorra, an' it's an impudent feller, ye are!" when the prudent valet whispered in her ear, "Have you any boiling water ready?" which evidently suggested a purpose, and she retired to the kitchen, where the professional cook was tasting some splendid soup, and at the same time drinking the half pint of sherry Miss Carden had poured out for the soup and pudding.

"We are quite well, sir," answered the old lady, with an anxious glance at Joan.

Joan was so pretty and winning when she liked, why should she not conciliate their benefactor by a few pleasant words?

"And so that is your young cousin?" Mr. Challoner went on, lifting his glass. "I left her quite a child. I verily believed she climbed a walnut tree the last time we met. Well, Miss Joan, have you no word of welcome for me?"

Joan came forward with a steady resolve to be beautifully conventional, and speak to the purpose.

"We are very pleased, sir, to see you once more at Ravensdale;" but no color dyed her cheek; she thought his manner heartless, and his temper "cubbish."

"Don't 'sir' me either of you, for Heaven's sake! Am I an ogre or a monster that you begin—Deuce take that fellow Lowten, he's off with my stick, and how on earth does he expect me to hobble to the dining room?"

"I am sorry you suffer so," said Miss Carden, in a low grave voice. "I regret it more than can be expressed; we know how much we owe you, your kindness for years, and your generous care for our wants."

"Generous fiddlesticks. You owe me nothing, my dear Miss Carden; it's I who am your debtor. Fancy, both of you buried in obscurity in this God-forsaken hole, isolated, bored from morning to night—Where has that fellow gone?"

"Lean on me, Mr. Challoner," suggested Miss Carden, "while Joan rings for your valet. I suppose it's gout; your poor aunt was a sad martyr to that horribly painful complaint."

Joan followed them at a discreet distance as they walked towards the dining room; Mr. Challoner leaning on his cousin's arm; she liked him better since he completely disowned their being under any obligation to him.

"It was kind, it was good taste on his part," thought Joan, giving a fleeting glance at herself in a mirror; the vivid hue of some cardinal colored ribbon in her hair made her look bright as a little tropic flower or bird.

"Gout, yes; of course it's gout, and rheumatism and biliousness and heart disease, and a mixture of every ailment we poor mortals, who don't work for their living, are subject to.

"And it isn't as if I had not tried every mineral and medicinal spring on the face of the earth—bitter waters, sweet waters, Cheltenham, Malvern, Bath, and then Carlsbad. I've worked like a Trojan to get back my health."

"We shall dine in a few minutes. I sent for a cook from Dublin. I hope the seasonings will be satisfactory; diet is everything, I suppose, in these cases?"

Miss Carden had again grown painfully nervous, and Mr. Challoner leant against the marble mantelpiece, taking a comprehensive glance around.

Joan, entering, saw a tall man looking considerably older than she had imagined Mr. Challoner would be, with fierce bristling eyebrows and a reddish beard of unusual length, dashed here and there with gray.

He was not exactly an ugly man, but he looked decidedly cross with that deep furrow between his eyebrows.

It was wonderful to think her cousin should have praised his beauty, and spoken of his personal fascination, his wide cultivation, his social attainments, and the calmness and grace that distinguished him, if this were a specimen of his manner.

What a contrast to M. Meunier! But then gout was awful, and a tiresome valet tried his temper—that and a long journey combined.

"He will be better after dinner," thought Joan, and sat down demurely in her accustomed seat, winding wools and watching Mr. Challoner.

He turned from leaning on the mantelpiece and glanced at her. Perhaps he had not been prepared, from Miss Carden's somewhat vague descriptions of her young cousin, for the beauty that met his gaze, and it was the beauty he liked best—that dark mobile loveliness which very fair women never possess, and that bore the brilliance of perfect health and vigor; the health that comes from inhaling much fresh air and taking long walks; the vigor that is constitutional, and has a supple grace of its own.

Joan was not dressed according to the modern ideas of a "stylish girl." She wore no tie-back; her hair was not flattened to her skull, and screwed in whard knot behind, but waved in splendid shining masses—hair that painters love; rebellious, fluffy, flowing; it was plaited about her head, but no plaiting could make it completely smooth, or what coiffeurs are fond of calling "dressed."

As he watched the girl, Lowten appeared, handed Mr. Challoner his stick, and informed him, with all the insinuating toadyism of a valet who has found a good berth and can sell his master's clothes with advantage, that preparations for his toilet were made, a fire had been lighted in his dressing room, and the bitter waters unpacked.

Mr. Challoner could scarcely repress a smile; but at the appearance of Bridget, struggling under the weight of a large soup tureen, he dismissed the obsequious Lowten, told him he was at home, and should not on this occasion dress for dinner.

Then they all sat down to dine, and soon Joan remarked a complete change in the host's manner.

Not that the culinary preparations of the professional from Dublin had anything to do with it; Mr. Challoner was not a man to be subdued only through the senses, and leave off snapping like an ill-bred cur when nourished by food.

He partook of a little, drank off a glass of hock with his fish; but he talked and with the accent, the gesture, the charm of a true gentleman, a cultivated man of the world.

He was gentle and deferential to them, heard Joan's enthusiastic remarks about Ravensdale without looking bored, and soon a happy light spread itself over a face that, if somewhat ugly, was altogether interesting.

"I am changed more than you, Miss Carden," he said, stretching his legs under his mahogany and refilling his glass.

"Do you think so?" The thin faded cheeks flushed a little as he spoke: Miss Carden was thinking of the "long ago" when she had been the patient drudge of a fretful woman, but her youth then had not quite flown.

"Yes, you are changed; so much so that I should never have recognised you," she said simply and honestly, as was her wont.

Joan stole a glance at him, and thought how that great red beard disfigured him, and the bristling eyebrows evidently wanted combing straight.

"And now to sell Ravensdale," he said, glancing at Joan under those heavy brows.

Joan sighed; a darting pain oppressed her at the words. Something seemed to catch at her throat and almost make her cry, but, trained to repress emotion, she gave no outward sign of distress.

"Must you sell it?" she faltered—it was like losing a beloved friend—and although her voice was low, it had a passionate ring in it which his keen ears detected.

"Must I?" smiling towards her. "Well, Miss Joan, do you wish me to stay and be murdered? Threatening letters will be sent me.

"I shall be treated to a sketch of a coffin, and myself reclining full length in it, with 'Prepare to die' printed on the outside.

"They peppered my agent pretty well; they mean to make 'cold meat' of me."

"It is awful to think they should be so misguided, so misled and infatuated," said old Miss Carden, who was clever and had a clear meaning of politics.

"And worse still to find they have no powers of endurance, no capacity for patient toil, no thriftness or common sense.

"Look at the English peasant, the German, the French. Is any more done for them?

"But they are noble and heroic, each of them, compared to the Irishman. Priest-ridden, you will say; but is that any excuse for the treachery of their blows?

"Were Ireland to be given up to them, they would all be quarrelling and fighting and murdering each other just the same; a hundred claimants would arise and struggle for possession of a particular piece of land."

"But the mud-cabins are very dreadful," said Joan, thinking of the little peasant babies she had nursed and the mothers who loved her.

"Everything could be improved for them if they would work and were thrifty and frugal," said Mr. Challoner quietly.

"It is not a question of sentiment. Life is difficult, and a man must work; they are incapable of endurance and strain.

"Treating their friends to whisky, and rioting at wakes, and murdering their creditors, cannot improve their position.

"Their vanity makes them clamorous of applause. Every Irishman has the makings of an actor in him, I sometimes think."

"It may be difficult to find a purchaser for Ravensdale," suggested Miss Carden.

"Very; but in any case, whether I find a purchaser or no, I shall live in England."

He had not once alluded to themselves, and Joan looked confused as he talked of England.

Then, leaving the discussion of politics alone, he turned to arts and literature, and found Joan was but little acquainted with the mysteries of the modern novel, and that her knowledge of light and imaginative literature was extremely limited.

"And music," he said, limping towards the drawing room, "are you fond of it? Do you sing or play?"

"Very little," said Joan timidly. "I—I prefer painting."

This had been a very sore point hitherto. Miss Carden fidgeted as Joan alluded to art. Mr. Challoner, however, evinced no interest in the matter, but sat down to the grand piano and played a nocturne of Chopin.

Fascinated in spite of herself, Joan drew nearer. This ugly man with the great red beard was evidently a fine musician. The dreamy sadness of the music made Joan think of her absent lover—the romantic M. Meunier with his delightful dreaminess, his ultra-refinement, his quotations from Homer and Balzac, and rapid development of sky in water-colors. And then a sudden thought darted over her consciousness that made her pale.

Suppose he was faithless and never returned, could she, expelled from Ravensdale, earn her daily bread—that terrible daily bread which forms such bitter and unsatisfactory rations for some of us? And a girl may be more clever and capable than the average, but who will buy her brains or the work of her hands?

The nocturne was now finished, and Mr. Challoner, finding old Miss Carden had left the room, smiled at Joan in a new and beaming way, as if he meant to make love to her.

She did not understand this change of manner; for Joan, in her ignorance of light fictions and works of an amusing but "naughty" tendency, had had as yet no experience of the fascinations and dangers of gentlemanly *roues*. She looked him fearlessly and straight in the eyes; she drew her little, dainty, fragrant, girlish hand away from his large one; there was no slyness in her ways, no attempt at "leading on" a rich man, who could largely benefit her and load her with gifts. He saw she was honest-minded and innocent as a flower.

Then Miss Carden reappeared, and gave Joan a warning look, as much as to say:

"Ten o'clock—bed time."

Joan rose; she had been hurriedly turning over Chopin's Mazurkas with tremulous touch. She was angry, wounded, her face burning and her eyes half full of tears.

"Good night, Mr. Challoner," she said coldly, moving to the door.

She had been prepared to serve him with reverent affection, with frank true worship; but now—he had repulsed her yearning.

"Ah, good night, Miss Joan," he answered, reseating himself at the piano; "sleep well."

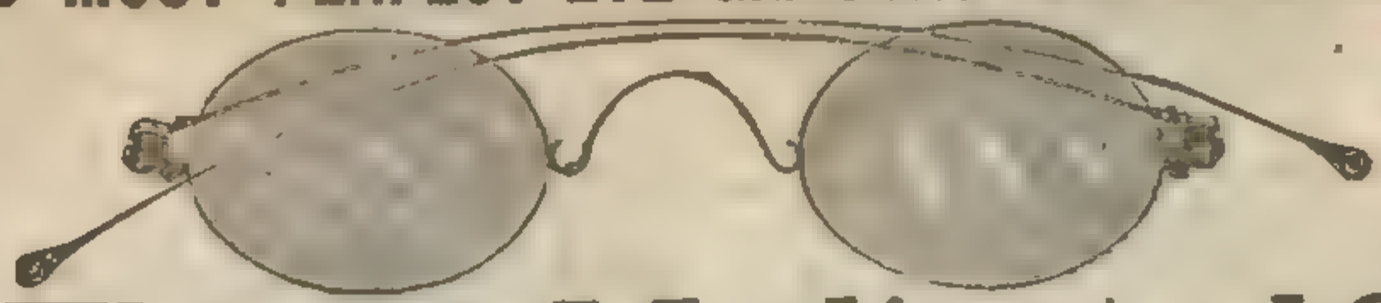
Joan hurried along to her little room, banged the door rather savagely to, and the tears fell one by one down her hot cheeks.

A pain, vague and formless, had fallen upon her life. She felt confused and bewildered.

Mr. Challoner had disappointed her expectations; he was not at all the hero she had pictured him to be.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE FINEST AND MOST PERFECT EYE GLASSES AND SPECTACLES ON EARTH.



Boyd's Electro-Medicated Glasses

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.

Owing to the unprecedented demand of these Glasses throughout Europe, I have been unable until now to introduce them in this country, and with improved and increased facilities, I am now prepared to supply the demand on the United States and Canada.

WHY THEY ARE CALLED ELECTRO.

The old style of Glasses are produced by heating or treating with gas or coarse dense volumes of smoke which tends to soften the enamel, thus producing a glass that is easily blurred and very trying to the eye.

THE ELECTRO-MEDICATED GLASSES are produced by being generated by ELECTRICITY, thus doing away with the softening influence of coal smoke, and it is impossible to dim them by ordinary wear.

WHY THEY ARE CALLED MEDICATED.

The Medicated properties contained in the glasses prevent hardening of the eyes. It will retain its polish, and never become dull or dim, hence you will always see through them as bright and as clear as at first.

The Chemicals keep the glasses perfectly cold; the result is, your eyes are always cool, doing away with any feverish sensation to the eye.

The Crystals soothe the light to the eye, which causes such discomfort to many persons, rendering it impossible to use glasses after one or two hours use.

German and French Oculists have analyzed these glasses and pronounced them far superior to any glass yet made, and claim that in some cases, when used in time, they will restore the eye to its original sight.

Therefore these glasses are especially recommended for the following reasons:

They create a soft and mild sensation to the eye.

They do not tire the eye as common glasses do.

Their magnifying powers are twice as great as ordinary glasses.

Their polish is retained and they do not dim.

They view soft and distinct.

They have no equal for night reading or sewing.

No. 1.	It has long been the study of the most scientific minds in Europe, as well as this country, as to the best method of improving and preserving our eyesight. The experiments of those whose power of vision requires help advise the use of some artificial lenses.
No. 2.	The first thing to be done is to obtain a soft, cooling eye-glass or spectacle, constructed on scientific principles, which can relieve the over-tasked eye.
No. 3.	These glasses are the finest and most accurately measured in the world.
No. 4.	The lenses of the glasses are ground from perfectly white and transparent material, thereby transmitting a perfect vision.
No. 5.	Experienced workmen are employed in the production of the goods.
No. 6.	The factory is at Berlin.
No. 7.	Agency at New York.
No. 8.	The Electro-Medicated Glasses.
No. 9.	J. C. Boyd.
No. 10.	203 West 49th Street.
No. 11.	New York.
No. 12.	City.

RULE FOR FITTING GLASSES.

Hold the lines below about 12 or 13 inches from the eye, find the SMALLEST type you can read at that distance **WITHOUT GLASSES,** send me the number of that line also the color of your eyes, and your age, and I will send you the glasses or spectacles you require.

PRICES OF THE ELECTRO-MEDICATED GLASSES:

Rubber Eye Glasses,	per pair $0 75
Celluloid Eye Glasses,	" 1 50
Nickel Eye Glasses, very handsome frames,	" 1 50
Steel Eye Glass,	" 1 00
Steel Spectacles,	" 1 00
Nickel Spectacles,	" 1 50
French Gold Eye Glasses,	" 2 00
French Gold Spectacles,	" 2 00

The French Gold is made from a combination of metals and then heavily plated, which resembles and wears like gold for a long time.

Coin Silver Spectacles,	per pair $3 00
Gold Eye Glasses,	" 5 00
Gold Spectacles,	" 5 00

I devote all special attention to the Nickel Eye Glasses. They are second to gold from a fashionable and practical point of view. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. I am prepared also to supply the Common American Glasses, such as are sold throughout the country at the following rates:

Eye Glasses,	per pair, 15 to 30 cts.
Spectacles,	" 18 to 60 cts.

AGENTS WANTED. - - - APPLY FOR TERMS.

Make all remittances by Post Office Money Order, or by Registered Letter, and address all communications to

All Glasses and Spectacles enclosed in a handsome case, and sent by mail, postage free.

J. C. BOYD,

203 WEST 49TH ST.,

NEW YORK CITY.

DEALER IN OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Our Young Folks.

BLANCHE'S PRESENTS.

BY LYDIA GODDARD.

THERE was a blazing fire in the nursery, and the flame dropped down and made patterns on the carpet, and just managed to reach a pretty little white bed in the farthest corner, where a little girl lay comfortably tucked in.

Outside, the wind was whistling angrily, and driving fierce showers of snow and sleet against the windows, which shook and rattled impatiently, but not a single cold blast did they allow to enter little Blanche Clayton a nursery.

It was Christmas Eve, and guests were assembled in the drawing-room downstairs. Blanche had been permitted to go into the dining-room for dessert, and every one had been very kind to her, and given her fruit and bon-bons.

Then her mamma took her into the drawing-room, and allowed her to stay till almost ten o'clock, when her eyes began to twinkle, in spite of her efforts to keep them very wide open.

Then all the ladies kissed her, and some of them praised her for being very good, and pretty, and clever; but for all that, she left the room slowly and unwillingly, and when her nurse put her to bed she did not even try to go to sleep, but lay tumbling and grumbling, and wishing she were downstairs, where all the pretty ladies made so much of her.

At last she got tired of complaining to herself, finding fault with all her Christmas presents, and wishing she were anybody except Blanche Clayton, and her home anywhere but the Grange.

She came to the conclusion that nobody loved her or wanted her, and that her papa and mamma would be quite happy without her.

"I'll run away to-morrow, and never come home again; and Eric and Lion will go and look for me and not be able to find me, and then nurse and papa and mamma will be sorry, perhaps."

"Oh, dear!"

Blanche raised her head and listened for a moment; then she lay quite still.

She fancied she heard some one speaking, and presently she heard the voice more distinctly.

It was very small and shrill, but quite clear, and seemed to come from a large doll that lay in tissue-paper wrappings on the table.

There were several other toys and presents lying about, and it seemed to Blanche that they all began to talk and chat to each other, and she couldn't help listening to every word they said.

"Oh, dear! I am so glad, Madam Teapot," the doll said, "to be safely settled at last."

"You may well call us fortunate, to have got into such a comfortable home, after all our trials and troubles.

"I never was in such a beautiful room in my life; no cold, or draughts, or dreadful glaring gas, and no rude people to stare at us.

"I'm sure, Madam Teapot, we ought to feel very happy."

"And I'm sure we do, Miss Dolly," the teapot cried looking round over her cups and saucers.

"It's quite delightful to see such a pretty room after the dreadful place I came from. I only hope our new mistress may be kind to us."

"I hope so too," Miss Dolly said; "and, indeed, that is the only thing that troubles me.

"I fear our little lady is rather impatient —she tore off my paper wraps very roughly."

"And threw me about just as if I were common tin or Britannia metal, instead of pretty blue and white china," said the teapot.

"It's a great pity such a fortunate little lady should be so ungrateful," said a shell box. "She was quite rude to me."

"And to us too," grumbled some pretty handkerchiefs from inside the box. "She said she didn't want us at all, and wished she had some chocolate creams instead; but if she only knew how patiently a poor lame girl worked at us, embroidering our corners she wouldn't have despised us so, perhaps."

"And if she only thought of all the poor little children that gathered us," said the shells.

"And of the poor girl living in a miserable garret that made me," cried the box.

"And of the poor artist that painted me," said the picture on the screen.

"Pray where did I come from, Madam Teapot," asked a pert vase that had been listening eagerly to the conversation. "You said a little while ago that you thought this one very fine, but I don't think much of it, I assure you, for I came here from a large city bazaar."

"And a very pretty place, too, I have no doubt, Miss Vase.

"I came here from the Arcade, and I can't say I was very comfortable there. So many people came and looked at me and my pretty children here, and longed for us so much, and as I knew only one fortunate person could have us, I felt quite sorry for all the disappointed ones.

"But I never thought of the Arcade as home; I knew we were only there to be sold.

"May I ask, Miss Vase, where you were before going to the bazaar?"

"Oh! I forgot," said the vase. "I was there so long, and it was all so pleasant and pretty that I never tried to remember the time before."

"There are a great many creatures like this vase," the teapot replied gravely. "As soon as they get up in the world they forget all about their old friends and position, and become proud and conceited, and I have noticed that such pride usually ends in a fall.

"Now, though you do not remember me, I recollect you perfectly.

"You were manufactured in the same damp, dirty yard as myself, and baked in the same rude oven, and came up to the city in a rough crate, just as I did myself. I often think of my birthplace in the country, and the people that made me—pale, hollow-eyed boys, and gaunt, grimy men.

"They were a rough lot, but they were always kind and gentle to us, and touched us quite tenderly.

"But they weren't happy," the teapot continued reflectively; "and that's the reason I'm so glad to come to live in a nice nursery.

"Nothing makes me so miserable as to see suffering which I have not the power to relieve."

"I wish I were back at the bazaar," the vase replied a little sullenly, feeling ashamed of her origin, and angry with the teapot for telling about it.

"I'm sure I'm grateful, too, Madam Teapot," said Miss Dolly, after a few moments' silence.

"Though I'm very fine now with my rosy cheeks, and flaxen ringlets, and blue satin frock, I have suffered enough, and seen more misery than all of you put together."

"Do tell us some of your adventures, Miss Dolly," said the cream-jug. "Where were you made?"

"I was manufactured, my dear, in the city, in a dingy room at the very top of a great warehouse.

"There were quite ten girls, I should think, working at me and my companions, and they were all so poor, and looked so pale and weary, that I quite longed to speak a word of comfort to them, only I knew they couldn't understand doll language. Then, when my head and shoulders were cast, I was taken into another room, and fitted on to one of a pile of 'bodies' filled with sawdust.

"Then I was carried off to another room to be 'finished.' After that I was packed up in a box with shavings, and sent to a large warehouse, where I lay in a cellar for a long time.

"Then, a few weeks ago, I was taken away by a woman to be 'dressed.' That was the unhappiest part of all my adventures, for my dressmaker was very poor, and had a child who was ill with a cough, and unable to leave her bed.

"Once I heard the sick girl say to her mother, 'How little the young lady who'll get this lovely doll for a Christmas-box will think of the poor people who made her and dressed her; and one-half of what she'll cost, mother, would make us comfortable for a week!' And the mother only sighed and said, 'We mustn't be envious, my dear;' but I felt the tears dropping on me as she worked."

Blanche by this time began to feel very uncomfortable, and to reproach herself for never having thought of any of these things before; and when she heard about the sick girl there seemed to come a great lump in her throat, but she couldn't speak or stir, she was so anxious to hear the rest of the conversation.

"From the dresser's I went to a very beautiful shop in the West End," the doll went on, "and I was greatly admired; but I wasn't very happy there either.

"Indeed, how can any one be happy when the people round you are in trouble? ["I never think of other people," Blanche reflected.] The young lady who had charge of me in the shop was very miserable.

"I heard her tell another young lady that her mother was very ill, dying perhaps, and she couldn't get away even for one day to see her, they were so busy; and then she cried a little, and a tall gentleman spoke crossly to her, which made her cry more: so you may imagine I was glad to be purchased and get away, and be safely settled at last in a happy home, where there's no trouble."

"My dear Miss Dolly, there's no such thing as happiness in this world," a little wicker carriage creaked from a corner. "I've been here now for two whole years, and carried all your predecessors about, but my mistress is often so tired and cross that I feel as if anywhere would be better than this pretty nursery, even back again with the poor gypsies who had me."

"Especially when Miss Blanche is in a temper," groaned a piebald rocking-horse. "She pulled off one of my ears the other day."

"And looked at the state we're in!" cried several damaged dolls from different corners of the room.

"It's too distressing. One day we're all bundled into a drawer, the next we're dressed out in our best frocks, and then, when our every-day things can't be found she scolds nurse, and cries over us."

"She's so untidy!" exclaimed the work-box.

"Dear me!" the teapot said, "it's very sad; I thought we were all going to be so happy and comfortable.

"I can hardly imagine our pretty little mistress a naughty temper."

"That's because you don't know her as well as we do, indeed, said a Swiss toy, who was standing on the chimney-piece playing perpetually on his gong. "I am a stranger in this country, and have never spoken one word to anyone since I came, and yet I smile at her every morning."

"And what about us?" asked a box of paints. "We came here on her birthday, and meant to be so amusing and useful in making pretty pictures and colored mats, and here we lie hard and dry, covered with dust.

"Never once have been used or noticed since we came. Isn't it shameful?"

"Shameful! shameful!" the doll, the teapot, the shell box, and the wicker carriage cried all together.

"The fact is," said an elderly and very much damaged doll, "our young mistress has so many pretty things that she does not know how to value them, and so many kind and loving friends to give her presents, that she takes all as a matter of course.

"If she could change places with that sick little girl you told us about, Miss Dolly, she would be more grateful to all her friends, and more gentle and agreeable to us."

"And if she once got into the habit of being more gentle, we would be more and more lovely ourselves, and then, what a happy nursery this would be!" said the teapot.

"And what a happy child Miss Blanche herself would be!" added the doll.

"Hush! here she comes!" and for a moment there was complete silence, and Blanche lifted up her head and looked round.

The fire was still blazing away cheerfully; the dolls, and tea things, and all the other presents were lying on the table without a sign of life.

Everything was just the same as when nurse left the room half-an-hour before. Then Blanche was cross, fretful, and discontented; now her eyes were very wide open, and her face quite serious, but she was not the least bit angry.

"Not asleep yet, Miss Blanche?" nurse said rather crossly.

"No, nurse; but I shall be very soon now," she replied. "And please may I get up for a moment, just to say good-night to my dolls and that poor lonely foreign soldier?"

And suiting the action to the word, Blanche was now seen trotting round the room in her night-dress, kissing the dolls, and smiling and nodding at all her play-things.

"They were so lonely, nursie, I thought I'd just comfort them a little bit; now they're in a good temper and quite happy, so I can go off to sleep."

"Why couldn't you go before, dearie?" nurse asked.

"They were talking about me, nurse, and I felt so frightened," Blanche whispered. "But I'll never be unkind to the poor things again." And even as she spoke Blanche's eyes closed, and she was soon soundly asleep.

"I suppose she was dreaming," nurse said as she put away the toys into the drawers.

"She's an affectionate little thing after all or she wouldn't get out of bed to make it up with her dollies. I never saw her do such a thing before."

"Well, Blanche," her papa asked next morning, "how do you like your presents this year?"

"Ever so much papa: they are the very nicest presents any one could have. And such lots of them!" was the cheerful reply; "and they're all as happy as possible, just because I laughed at them and said good morning."

"And she told her papa and mamma how she had heard them talking the night before, and repeated as well as she could remember what they said.

"I don't mean ever to be cross or unkind to the poor things again," she added earnestly, "since it makes them so unhappy."

"I'm glad to hear that, Blanche," her papa said, stroking her hair. "If my little girl always tries to study others and make them happy, she'll never fail to be happy herself."

HOW CHEAPLY ONE CAN LIVE.—Bread, after all, is the cheapest diet one can live on, and also the best. A story is told that shows just how cheaply a man can live, when he gets "down to mush," figuratively and literally speaking. Colonel Fitzgibbon was many years ago, colonial agent at London for the Canadian Government, and was wholly dependent upon remittances from Canada for his support. On one occasion these remittances failed to arrive, and as there was no cable in those days, he was compelled to write to his Canadian friends to know the reason of the delay. Meanwhile he had just one sovereign to live upon. He found that he could live upon sixpence per day, or about 12½ cents of our money—four pennyworths of bread, one pennyworth of milk, and one pennyworth of sugar. He made pudding of some of the bread and sugar, which served for breakfast, dinner and supper, the milk being reserved for the last meal. When his remittances arrived about a month afterward, he had five shillings remaining of his sovereign and he liked his frugal diet so well that he kept it up for two years, possibly longer. Twelve cents a day is certainly a small amount to expend for food; but a man in Minnesota, about three years ago, worried through a whole year on ten cents. He lived on "Johnny cake." There was also a theological student in Ohio college who, sustained by graham rice and corn bread, lived thirteen weeks on seven dollars; but there were several good apple orchards near the college and the farmers kept no dogs.

THE fact that the letter containing explosive material, which was sent to the Chief Secretary at Dublin Castle, bore the arms of Trinity College, and was mailed within a few yards of it, has led to the surmise that the iodide of nitrogen was obtained by a student from the college laboratory.

SNAKE-CHARMING.

ONE morning I was strolling with a friend in the verandah when we saw a strange figure coming along the drive: a tallish man, in a scarlet turban—only, unlike the usual solid turban, it was wound in serpent wise about his head; a kind of loose flame-colored shirt; a loin cloth, and the ordinary peaked shoe of the Easterns.

Across his shoulders he carried a stout bamboo pole between five and six feet long, at either end of which hung two bags of coarse woven cloth, colored a less vivid flame color.

As he came up to us we saw he had long black hair, twisted up like a woman's, and secured at the left side by a heavy silver comb whose back was chased in strange patterns and shaped like a curve in a snake's body.

In his ears were delicate earrings of silver rings set with small green and red and white stones in flower-like shapes; on his forehead was the red mark of the Hindoo; across the bridge of the nose, between the eyes, there was a black and scarlet line drawn that looked like a fine silk riband, and a similar rib and ran from the outer corner of each eye to the temple.

His face gave you the impression of his having been alive since the Flood; his eyes looked as if they could not shut; yet he had not a wrinkle, and was evidently young.

His hands were beautifully shaped, with delicate nails; his feet were strong, and shapely too.

My friend said, "This man will show you some fun for a few coppers."

So he was had up on to the verandah, and the play began. He opened his bags, sat down and proceeded to unpack.

The bags contained each a large wicker, or rather bamboo, lath basket, and nondescript bundles of many colored cloth.

The latter contained a tin box full of live and lively scorpions; some necklaces of strange grey and red stone; pieces of wood supposed to be cures for scorpion bites; round black substances like small shining buttons—these are snake stones, and, if laid on a cobra bite are supposed to cure it. The baskets contained also a large cobra apiece. He took out the two cobras and laid them on the stone floor of the verandah.

I am not quite sure if he showed us two or one at first, for he has been here many times since.

At any rate he took a cobra out, let it squirm about on the floor; then he produced from his bag a weird pipe, made of a gourd, as I should say, something like a bagpipe.

The lower part, below the body, is pierced with holes on which the fingers play. With this pipe he began the most unearthly row that ever was heard; the cobra ceased writhing about, and gradually raised itself on its coils, swelled out its hood, and slowly waved its awful head to and fro in front of the music, as if it saw the music.

Suddenly the music made a wild, leaping yell and "was not;" the cobra's head sank down and his body shrunk into nothing.

The demon snake-man then remarked, pointing to the big boy, a servant of my friend, "I will bring a cobra out of that boy's cap." The boy had on a close-fitting, perkpie cap, his head was shaved, and the rest of his clothing consisted of a shirt.

The man then took his pipe and began to walk round the boy; then on a sudden the air was rent by a melody such as might soothe the condemned: it whirled round the boy like a visible thing, but the boy stood firm.

Suddenly, again the music stopped, and the man began to take off his drapery. He appeared for a moment au naturel, and there wasn't the ghost of a snake about him. He shook out his loin-cloth round him, and began again his dance and his soul-killing pipe.

Not once from first to last did he approach his baskets or the cobra which lay sleeping in the sun.

He came up to where I sat, and took a small paint-rag of mine; he put it on the boy's head, and then shook it out, and gave it back to me. (I told you the boy's cap fitted tight to his head, and his head was shaved.) On went the whirl and yell, and, as before, stopped suddenly with a shriek. He stooped up to the boy, and with his naked hand plucked out—where from?—a great cobra, which he flung straight at me.

The brute struck me on the shoulder, and went shuddering down my leg, where it subsided on the ground, hissing heavily. I sat still and laughed.

He laid the new cobra by the old one, put both in the basket, opened up all his cloths and baskets and things—there were two cobras now, and no more.

Then he took my paint-rag, laid it down against a pillar of the verandah, and went through the same music.

When the music was exhausted, he walked to the rag, and plucked on a third cobra which also greeted me in friendly wise. There were three now, we saw them all; but my friend said, "This won't do; he'll fill the place with snakes."

WHY RUN AND RISK serious cough, cold, bronchitis, or lung trouble, when Piso's Cure for Consumption, Throat and Lung Diseases can be had? If you have contracted a severe cold save your Lungs from dangerous results and immediately procure Piso's Cure for Consumption, by promptly resorting to the Expectorant; and if troubled with any Affection of the Throat, you will find this remedy equally effectual in affording relief from obstructing phlegm, and in healing the inflamed parts.

PAGE MISSING

PAGE MISSING

Facetiæ.

A wife for a seedsman—The nursery-maid.

DELEVAN, Wis., Sept. 24, 1878.
GENTS—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 76 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.
D. BOYCE.

An ill-tempered man may be compared to a well-baked pie—Crusty.

Elixir Vitæ for Women.—Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery! Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for female complaints. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information.

Stands to reason—A debater who won't sit down.

We kill our rulers when we remove from the human system whatever disorganizes the nerves. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills relieve from subjection to the power of headache, sleeplessness and dyspepsia. They contain no opium or hurtful drug.

A fertile race—Beaver hats scudding before a hurricane.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

A Vermont man was recently shot by a photographer. It believed the victim refused to look pleasant.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

There are some promising young men who are not sufficiently careful about keeping their word.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

Why is it bad for a boy to be given a man's clothes? Because in such a way he acquires loose habits.

Guard Against Disease.

If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. It is Nature's great assistant. Use it as an advance guard; don't wait to get down sick. See advertisements.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Worth Sending For.

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 533 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

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When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the diseases of

Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness

a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed, is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address
DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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39 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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Beatty's Organs 27 stops $60. Pianos $125 up. Factory running day & night. Papers free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

100 POPULAR SONGS, no two alike, for 10c. H. J. WEHMAN, 59 Chatham St., N. Y.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $35.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 909 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

DR. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md.

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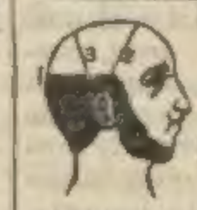

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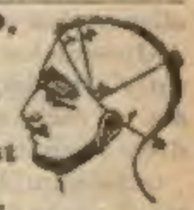

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FASHIONABLE modes may be divided into two distinct classes; modes which, no matter how rich and handsome they may be are, to a certain degree uniform, that is, without any distinctive peculiarities; while the others are decidedly elegant eccentricities. The first class is quite safe to copy, for though they do not exhibit any peculiarly brilliant effect, yet on the other hand their meanness do not, and cannot present an absurd or conspicuous appearance.

It is only in the hands of the tasteful and elegant that eccentric toilettes are beautiful. A dressmaker who is really an artist, carefully considers the figure, style, complexion, etc. of each lady. The dresses, on artistic dress modelled for and which perfectly suits tall elegant blonde, is often a dead failure when made for a short sprightly brunette, though each has equal grace and beauty. A lady who is not sure of her taste and cannot trust her artistic eye in draping a dress should carefully avoid any peculiar toilette, unless she has a first-class dressmaker who decides that the mode will suit her.

But there is no need obstinately to insist on one particular, unsuitable style, for variety is the order of the day, and surely from this abundance something becoming may be found.

The round skirt without train is much worn, and is found so comfortable that young ladies and young married ladies wear them even at fashionable soirees, the skirts are short enough to show the pretty satin shoes, and the instep of the silk stockings, beautifully embroidered. This kind of dress is always made in a very young, fresh, coquettish style.

Of late contrasting colors have been much mixed, even when the effect is extremely peculiar, pink and crimson have been worn, and the last winter novelty as to colors is the mixture of oriental blue and carroubier.

The manufacturers of woolen goods for spring wear have provided plenty of choice and at very low prices, for cotton and wool, cotton and silk so freely blended, producing pretty stuffs, but in no way durable ones.

In the present day durability is not really essential, for the fashions change quickly, and dresses of necessity cannot be worn from one year to another; still, while they are in wear, they require to look well, which they will not do if the fabric is too common.

Checks and stripes are both to be worn, but in woolen goods, mostly checks. Over many of these small and broken checks a large line check is woven of most decided tone, as in the heather mixture tweeds, when a snowflake square appears each side different in color, red, green, blue, or yellow. Bright colors are woven on neutral tints. "Serpolette cloth" has this larger check in tinsel is introduced into woolen dress goods, into skirtings, and even into cotton.

Bege in plain colorings is being made up into many pretty dresses; so is the Vienna bege, to be distinguished by the hairs which appear on the surface.

Cashmere is appropriate for spring costumes; it has a fine twill and a good deal of resistance, and is to be had in fashionable reds and greens of plain coloring, as well as in neutral tones, and it can be bought double width as well as single.

"Prunelle" is a new stuff, like cashmere; "Prunelle foule" being particularly soft, without the finish of cashmere. All the tribe of foule cloths are to be recommended. They are to be had in some slight variation of color from those of last year, but no decidedly new color has come out as yet.

But quite the newest notion in spring woolen dresses, are the borderings. Cashmeres are sold with bands of the same worked in silk, in open English embroidery, which the French call "*a jour*," have interwoven borderings of silk, which look like lace or embroidery along the selvedge.

Some of the wool goods appear to be hand-embroidered, though the polka dots, moons, stars, blocks, and parallelograms strewn upon them without stint are brocaded by machine, and the embroidery on the selvedges for trimming is all done by machinery. The figures are done on nuns' veiling and in contrasting colors, such as red on blue, sky blue on dark blue, salmon on bronze, white on blue, salmon on navy blue, and white on white.

The cotton dresses, especially the sateens, are so admirable in design that they represent a succession of beautiful pictures, borrowed from Japan, from the Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. periods. As a rule, the patterns cover the ground; but in one class the ground is of a decided color, say pink, with large scattered blooms of the same tone, relieved by a very dark one, such as brown and pink.

In other instances tiny blooms, as well as conventionalized blossoms, just been gathered. Some of the newest of these sateens have printed borderings for trimmings, and others have lace printed borders with plain grounds.

The plain sateens are very beautiful in color, and mophyr cloths are to be worn plain, and in checks and stripes; in Paris in very large plaid checks.

Satin Lumineux, which is printed on a white warp, and shot off in colors, threatens to replace Satin de Lyon. Cheviot, an English silk, quite of a novel appearance, and produced by four colored threads being twisted before weaving, is worth a thought, as something not before seen.

Satinette is a new cotton fabric that can scarcely be distinguished from foulard, as it is "silky" even to the touch. This has a closely twilled surface, is not nearly so thick as the usual cotton satines, and is brought out in most artistic colors and designs, with plain satinette to match the ground of each pattern.

It comes with a cream ground strewn with Marshal Niel rose-buds or pale pink with deeper pink roses, or blue grounds with either pink or yellow roses. To make up with these, olive-colored plain satinette will be used with the cream grounds, or deeper blue with pale blue, or they may have the same ground throughout. Dark brown, green, wine-color, and purple are shown in the plain shades, and these are used as foundations for materials with closely covered designs in which no particular color is conspicuous.

New soft-finished percales are shown in the stylish light porcelain blue and in dark navy blue with dots, stars, bars, and lines of white. These are used for shirting as well as for ladies' dresses. Other percales, more especially intended for shirting, have white grounds with small stripes or figures in bright red, brown, blue, or black.

Many costumes are being made for the demi-saison of a very fine make of habit cloth, called "Petit drap." It is sold in every color, and will probably have a popularity with the public fancy.

Nuns' veiling, or toile religeuse, is universally worn for evening dresses by young girls, and is brought out in a larger choice of color. It will be extensively adopted at confirmations, so will armure, another soft wool stuff.

Silk and cotton combined have produced a new, cheap, most silky-looking fabric, easily mistaken for spun silk, and at half its price, made in small checks of blue and brown, red and white, and so on.

French foulard silks show the dotted and figured designs described above for cotton goods. These will be the fabric for useful and nice wear to take the place of the checked and striped summer silks that have been worn for many years; and which come this season in inch-wide stripes of checked faille alternating with a satin stripe of the same width in contrasting colors. These are to make the entire costume, or else only the polka basque, with the pleated flounces of a lower skirt.

Among new combinations of color is a dress showing olive with plum color and old gold, another is golden brown with myrtle green, a third is a deep green with drab, and a fourth revives the old and favorite contrast of garnet with pearl-grey. In the first of these, broad stripes of plum-colored satin brocaded with old gold are placed lengthwise in a skirt of plain plum-colored satin that has clusters of pleats between the brocade stripes, an excellent suggestion to those who wish to use handsome brocades stylishly.

With this plum satin skirt is worn a panier polonaise of dark olive satin surah, trimmed with merely bosom drapery, collar, and cuffs of the brocade shown on the skirt. The next combination carries out Worth's favorite fancy of brown with green.

Fireside Chat.

CROCHET NECKERCHIEF.

A PRETTY combination is formed by working with Shetland wool and two-fold ice silk, held together in the hand and crocheted as one thread. Silk of bright color should be selected. Coral or rose pink to work with white wool; scarlet or blue to work with cream color wool; and gold, cream, or mauve to work with black wool. These directions are for a kerchief for the neck. Materials: two ounces Shetland wool and two balls of two-fold ice silk, which washes well. In this pattern take all the stitches through two loops of the stitches in preceding row. Work the centre in rows backwards and forwards.

Double crochet: Having loop on hook, insert it in stitch, draw wool through, put wool over hook, and draw through the two loops on hook. Long stitch: Having loop on hook, put wool over hook, insert it in stitch, draw wool through, put wool over hook, draw through two loops, put wool over hook, draw through two loops, put wool over hook, draw through the two remaining loops on hook. Treble: Having loop on hook, put wool twice over hook, insert it in stitch, put wool over hook, draw through two, put wool over hook, draw through two, put wool over hook, draw through two remaining loops.

Make foundation chain of 80 stitches.—1st row. Turn 5 chain, miss 9, 1 De into 10th chain from hook, *7 chain, miss 4, 1 De into 5th chain, repeat from * to end of row, making 16 loops of 7 chain.—2nd row. Turn, *3 chain, miss 3, 3 long stitches into 4th chain, 3 chain, miss 3 chain, 1 De into next De, repeat from * 14 times, 3 chain, miss 3, 2 long stitches into 4th chain.—3rd row. Turn *7 chain, miss 1 long stitch, 3 chain, 1 De, 3 chain, 1 long stitch, 1 De into 2nd long stitch, repeat from * 14 times, 3 chain, miss 3, 1 treble into next De.—4th row. Turn, 3 chain, 1 long stitch into treble at end of 3rd row, 3 chain, miss 3, 1 De into next De *3 chain, miss 3, 3 long stitches into 4th chain, 3 chain, miss 3, 1 De into next De, repeat from * to end of row.—5th row. Turn, 7 chain, miss 3 chain and 1 long stitch, 1 De into second long stitch, *7 chain, miss 2, 1 De into 2nd long stitch, repeat from * to end of row.—6th row. Same as 2nd row.—7th row. Same as 3rd row.—8th row. Same as 4th row.—9th row same as 5th row; and repeat these 4 rows consecutively until there are 40 rows worked—41st row. 7 chain, miss 3 chain and 1 long stitch, 1 De into 2nd long stitch, *5 chain, miss 2, 1 De into 2nd long stitch, repeat from * to end of row. Now work one row all round this square of *3 chain, miss 3, 1 long stitch, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 long stitch. To enlarge at the corners, work into each corner stitch, 1 long stitch, 1 chain, one long stitch, 1 chain, 1 long stitch, 1 chain, 1 long stitch, fasten on thread.

Each side should have 31 open holes between the groups of 3 holes worked at each corner.—1st row. Join thread to the long stitch at end of 16th hole, from one of the corners, 4 chain, *miss 3 chain, 1 long stitch into next long stitch, 1 chain, and into next hole work 1 long stitch, 1 chain, 1 long stitch, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 long stitch, 1 chain, 1 long stitch, making 6 stitches, divided by 1 chain, all worked in same hole. 1 chain, 1 long stitch into next long stitch, 1 chain, miss 3 chain, put wool over hook, insert hook in next long stitch, draw wool through, put wool over hook, draw through two loops, leave the two remaining loops on hook, miss 1 chain, put wool over hook, insert it in next long stitch, draw wool through, put wool over hook, draw through two loops, put wool over hook, and draw through three remaining loops on hook all at once. 1 chain repeat from * at each corner, work the group of 6 stitches in the centre loop of the 3 loops worked in one stitch, to join at end of row, after working 1 long stitch leaving two loops on hook, insert hook in 3rd chain of loop of 4 chain at beginning of 1st row, draw wool through this chain stitch and two loops on hook all at once.—2nd row of edging, 4 chain, *miss 1 open hole, 1 long stitch into next open hole, 1 chain, 1 long stitch into next open hole, 1 chain, and into next, which will be centre open hole, work the same as in 1st row: 6 stitches divided by one chain, 1 chain, 1 long stitch into next open hole, 1 chain, 1 long stitch into next open hole, 1 chain, miss 1 open hole, and into next open hole work 1 commencing of long stitch leave two loops on hook, put wool over hook, insert hook in next open hole, draw wool through, and finish stitch, same as in 1st row, 1 chain, repeat from * to end of row: at each corner work 8 stitches (3 long stitches, 2 treble, 3 long stitches) into each centre open hole.—3rd row. Same as second row, excepting that before the stitch of two connected long stitches two open holes are missed instead of one; also two are missed after this stitch has been made.—4th row. Same as 3rd row, excepting that in each centre open hole 8 stitches (3 long stitches, 3 long stitches), divided by 1 chain, are to be worked.—5th and last row. After joining stitch work 1 De into loop after the connected long stitch, *4 chain, insert hook in two loops of last De stitch (letting point of hook fall downwards, put it first in top loop, then in the loop that is to the left of top loop), draw wool through these two loops, put wool over hook, draw through two loops on hook, miss 1 open hole, 1 De into next open hole, **4 chain, pleat as before into last De, 1 De into next open hole, repeat from ** 7 times, then 4 chain, pleat into last De, miss 1 hole, 1 De into next open hole, 4 chain, pleat into last De, 1 De into next open hole, which will be the hole after connected long stitch; repeat from * to end of row.

IN NORWAY.—The best-rooms, if rather comfortless looking, are beautifully clean and neat; there is not a vestige of carpet to be seen; pretty white curtains, but no blinds; a moderate-sized pudding-basin to wash in, and no upper sheets or blankets to the beds, but a sort of eider-down quilt sewn into a clean white sheet—which arrangement is supposed in these parts to serve every purpose. In walking through the streets of Bergen one is attracted by the spotless windows, draped with pretty white lace curtains which look as fresh as though only just put up. Every window, almost contains also a flowering plant, and there is a quaint, prim simplicity in the whole effect.

A correspondent writes to a western paper and asks if it is healthy to eat nights. The editor replies: "We can't tell him. We never ate a night, nor do we know now any one who has any more experience than we have. We should imagine however, that ordinarily such food would not be what might be called 'light food,' yet, at the same time, we think a man would have to eat a very large hole into a dark night before he would be weighted down with oversatiety."

Correspondence.

UNDECIDED, (Franklin, Va.)—There is not the slightest impropriety in visiting the parents of your intended; it is more to be commended, for you should make yourself friends with his family.

NERRA, (Stark, O.)—We are not sufficiently well acquainted with the circumstances to offer an absolute opinion on the subject. But from what we can gather from your letter we are inclined to think that the conclusion you yourself have come to, namely, to "let things take their course," cannot be far wrong.

S. T., (Sevier, Tenn.)—A plain gold ring would doubtless be very acceptable. The initials of the lady, and your own, with the date of your engagement, would be appropriate for an inscription. You need not be particular as to the cost; let your financial ability, tempered by your affection, settle that point.

MARIE, (Armstrong, Pa.)—You are not too young to be engaged, nor do we think the age of the gentleman so much beyond yours. It is about the proper difference. We should imagine, from your letter, that he really loves you, and that the occasional coolness you speak of proceeds more from feminine volatility, than from any fault of his.

PUZZLED, (Kent, R. I.)—The literal translation of the French phrase "ecrire de sa main blanche," is to write with his white hand, which means to write with one's own hand. The interpretation of tenir par la main is, to agree together. Coup de main means a bold stroke of any kind on the part of any person: most often applied to parliamentary or state affairs. Faire main basse, is to put all to the sword.

ANDREW G., (Pickens, Ala.)—The children of first cousins are second cousins. Let us suppose, for instance, that John and James are first cousins. Then their boys, who we will call Jack and Jim, are second cousins. But Jack is first cousin once removed to James, and Jim is first cousin once removed to John. Nephew is usually pronounced "nefor" some dictionaries, however, pronounce it "nevu."

PAT, (Flint, Mich.)—Judging from the tenor of your letter, we believe that you are of an age entitling you to judge for yourself. If you are so much addicted to flirting, the sooner you become an honest man's "pet" the sooner you will be cured. You certainly feel pity, if not love, for the gentleman you mention, and if the awkward subject of difference in religion can be got over, we should advise you to accept him.

JESSMINA, (Clinton, Ind.)—To have an unknown correspondent is much more than "improper," in the ordinary sense of that word. It is unladylike and foolish in the last degree. You do not know what associations you are forming, what hold you may give the worst of people on you, or what shame and trouble you may be preparing for yourselves. Your unknown correspondent is almost sure to be very bad or very silly.

JOHN A., (Coatesville, Pa.)—1. The lady should make the first sign of acknowledgement, as the gentleman be much older and a friend of the family. 2. A bow only; shaking of hands is only correct after some acquaintance. 3. You are too young to contract an engagement, you might do it with more propriety in two or three years' time, but there need be no necessity for severing the friendship. 4. Your writing is very free and plainly read, but evidently hurried.

W. H. D., (St. Louis, Mo.)—We cannot give you the full directions, as it would occupy more space than we can reasonably allow. The following, however, taken from one of the current books on the subject, will show you how to go about ebonizing wood: Make a strong stain of copperas and logwood, to which add powdered nutgall. Stain the wood with this solution, dry, and rub down with French polish made tolerably dark with indigo, or finely powdered stone blue.

ROSSY, (Ogle, Ill.)—Snow is frozen vapor. Rain drops because the vapory particles attract each other in their descent, and those which are sufficiently near unite and form into drops. These drops are sometimes larger than at other times, because the rain cloud is floating nearer the earth; when this is the case the drops are large, because such a cloud is more dense than one more elevated. The size of a drop is increased according to the rapidity with which the vapors are condensed. Wind may sometimes increase the size of the drop by blowing two into one.

LAWRENCE, (Jefferson, Mo.)—We should certainly call a whale a fish. We suppose that by what you call cross-animals, you mean amphibious animals, that is, who can exist on land or in water. A whale is not of that species, for once stranded, it is incapable of retreat, while an amphibious animal has the means of paddling to the water. To your second question, no. The whale feeds on small food, and is furnished with teeth that act like a strainer. It takes a large quantity of water, containing marine insects and fish, and ejecting the water, feeds upon the prey it has captured.

OSCAR, (Windham, Conn.)—Great diversity of opinion exists as to the causes of shortsightedness. From the inquiries conducted by Prof. Hermann Cohn, of Breslau, for some sixteen years past, he ventures the assertion that shortsightedness is rare or never born with those subject to it, and almost always the result of strains sustained by the eye during study in early youth. Myopia, as this ailment is called, is said to be of rare occurrence among pupils of rural or village schools, its frequency occurring in proportion to the demand made upon the eye, as in higher schools and colleges. A better construction of school-desks, an improved typography of text-books, and a sufficient lighting of class-rooms are among the remedies that he recommends for abating this malady.

HOWARD, (Essex, Mass.)—You are in the wrong: the sun does shine at midnight in some parts of the globe. In Voltaire's introduction to his history of Charles XII., you will find a fine description of it, as seen in Swedish Lapland. In the extreme north of Sweden there is for six weeks every year scarcely any night: the sun never sets, and the soil, constantly heated, produces in a few weeks barley and other crops. At that time of the year, Lapland is visited by many tourists, who generally meet at Mount Gallowara, near Luleo. From that hill, which is something over a quarter of a mile high, the heavenly spectacle of the "midnight sun" can be admired in better conditions than from any other place. The 21st of June is the day selected for the occasion; it is the longest day in the year, the sun being twenty-two hours above the horizon.